

THE CONTINENT

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

VOL IV No 78

1883

Aug. 8.

CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE

LEADING FEATURES
of this Number:

"THE NORMANDY
OF THE SEA." Part II.
By Caroline Rollin Cor-
son (Islands of Jersey,
Guernsey and Sark), Il-
lustrated.

Marion Harland's "JUDITH."

Helen Campbell's "WHAT-TO-DO
CLUB," for Girls.

"OUR QUATORZIÈME." A Paris-
ian experience. By R. Meade Bache.

A. W. Tourgée on "Garfield and Sher-
man," "Assisted Immigration," etc.

\$4.00 A YEAR.
TEN CENTS A COPY.

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

36 S. ELEVENTH ST. COR. CHESTNUT 23 PARK ROW



Copyright, 1883, by Our Continent Publishing Company.

Entered at the Post Office as Second-class Matter.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

In 30 Numbers, of Superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A sample of each for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Ask your Stationer for the Spencerian Pens.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., New York.

CONTENTS—August 8, 1883.

The Normandy of the Self. II.		The What-to-Do Club. Chapter VI.	
<i>Caroline Edlin Corbin.</i>	161	<i>Helen Campbell.</i>	183
Illustrations, drawn by E. H. Garrett, C. O. Cooper, G. H. Stephens and H. R. Poore; engraved by E. Clement: A Jersey Cottage—Entrance to Seignourie Park—A Water Lane—St. Apolline, Guernsey—A Jersey Cow at Home.			
Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia.		Migma.	<i>Editorial.</i>
Chapter VIII. <i>Marion Harland.</i>	170	Was Garfield False to Sherman?—A Case of Assisted Emigration—An Interior Race—The Surplus Revenue—History of the People of the United States.	
Belinda. Period III. Chapter X. <i>Rhoda Broughton.</i>	174	The Bookshelf.	189
Sea-sickness. <i>D. O. McDonald.</i>	178	New Books.	190
Our Quatorzieme. <i>B. Meade Bachs.</i>	180	Scientific.	190
The Study of Languages. <i>Chas. Booyrnith.</i>	189	In Lighter Vein.	193

Forthcoming Numbers of The Continent

Will contain, among other interesting features:

1. Lake Chautauqua, Ancient and Modern. Profusely illustrated.
2. The Tenants of An Old Farm—Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist. By Dr. **HENRY C. MCCOOK.** Fully illustrated by JAMES C. BEARD; DANIEL C. BEARD, and others.
3. Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia. By **MARION HARLAND.** Illustrated by W. L. SHEPPARD and A. B. FROST.
4. The What-to-do Club. A Story for Girls. By **HELEN CAMPBELL.**
5. Continuation of All Out-Doors. By **E. C. GARDNER,** Author of "THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT."
6. Continuation of "Belinda," a novel by **RHODA BROUGHTON,** author of "Good-by, Sweet-heart," "Red as a Rose is She," etc., published in THE CONTINENT by special arrangement.
7. Other illustrated articles, with the Regular Departments.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: Authors sending contributions to THE CONTINENT will further their own interests by enclosing a stamp to insure notification in case the manuscript proves unavailable. A still better plan is to enclose enough stamps for its return by mail, or to request its return by express. Unavailable manuscripts, not accompanied by stamps, and without a request for their return by express, are kept for six months and then destroyed without further notice. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching THE CONTINENT, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined.

Address all communications to

THE CONTINENT,

No. 36 South Eleventh Street, Cor. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

THE CONTINENT

Vol. IV. No. 6.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 8, 1883.

Whole No. 78.



A JERSEY COTTAGE.

THE NORMANDY OF THE SEA.--II.

MRS. FRECKERS had allowed us the use of an unoccupied room at the top of the house. We often repaired thither to enjoy the view. One evening, watching from it the effects of a superb sunset on Herm and Jethon, we wondered we had not yet availed ourselves of the little steamer that plies on certain days of the week between Guernsey and these islands to visit them.

"Are they particularly interesting?" we asked our landlady.

"Herm? oh, yes, to be sure."

"What do you see there?"

"You see—you see—you see a beautiful shell-beach."

"What else?"

"Beautiful shells—very brilliant."

"Is that all?"

The good lady looked perplexed; there was evidently not much else, still she insisted that it was a beautiful place to visit.

Still, notwithstanding the doubt Mrs. Freckers' hesitation had created in our minds, and as everybody

that comes to Guernsey goes to see Herm, we followed suit; and having inquired into the days and hours of the little steamer, we watched for a propitious afternoon and joined a merry company that was going shell-gathering. It was a lively crew—girls and boys, papas and mammas—in all the *abandon* of merry-making. We noticed particularly a matronly French lady, very fat, with her husband tall and lank, and a pet poodle, and enjoyed listening to their effervescent talk. They were Rouen people, as we gathered from their conversation, and had come over to the islands for a summer tour. Madame anticipated great fun from this shell and sea-weed gathering, and looked forward to it with girlish delight. The next winter's *salm* should be decorated with sea-spoil. The distance from Guernsey to Herm is very short; we arrived in half an hour's time. A long flight of steps, cut in the rocky cliff, takes the visitor to a first plateau.

"Why must we go up to get to the beach?" we asked of one of the passengers.

"No other way."

This certainly settled the question, so we followed the crowd. We had read of Herm as having been originally the seat of a community of Franciscans, and that it had still to show the remains of an ancient chapel. So that, when on reaching the top we saw another top rising before us, we naturally concluded that that must have been the site of the ancient convent, and that if there were any ruins they would be found there. We left the rest of the company to follow its pleasure, and turned into an opposite direction to follow our own.

Panurge's sheepish theory—do as you see others do—assumed here for us a philosophic import, which, had we recognized and acted upon, would have saved us lots of trouble; for our esthetic preferences led us only into a wild-goose chase. We looked for a path that would take us to the second plateau, where we fancied the ruins were. There seemed to be one running across a little farm close by. We made for it, but at the gate we read, posted in big letters, "Private Grounds." No mistaking the meaning, so we cast about for another road. We walked around and back of the quarry, and came to what appeared a regular path up the hill; but a second post, with another prohibitory information, again barred our way; in large letters we read: "Not safe." We concluded to give up the search and join the rest of our company on the beach, and we turned to the place where we had seen it disappear. A steep path it was, leading down the bluff. One of us, suffering from vertigo, refused to try it, the more so as there was right aside of it a better one leading straight to the place we wanted to go to, and only barred again by the same inhospitable prohibition, "Private Grounds." What was to be done? We were losing patience, and consigned island and inhabitants to certain regions as uncomfortable as they had made their own. A laborer at that moment, with spade on shoulder, came toward us from below; we made at him.

"How do people manage to get from one place to another on this island?" some one asked him.

Very much surprised looked the good man; but as we gradually succeeded in making him understand our dilemma, he explained.

"The island has changed administration," he said. "This," pointing to the barred road, "has always been the way to the hotel and beach, but since Mr. — has the management of things, he caused another road to be made, so that visitors should not cross his grounds."

In the meantime he offered to get us a permit; we accepted. He soon returned, put down the bar, and invited us through.

Here, then, we were in those precious private grounds. We looked all around, but in vain, to see what caused them to be so jealously guarded from public trespass, but could discover nothing but the humblest of country houses, surrounded by a few potato and cabbage patches. The so-called hotel of the place was close by. Our fruitless climbing had sharpened our appetites. We entered. A buxom, bright-eyed young woman stepped up.

"What refreshments may we have?" we asked.

"Soda-water, milk, bread and butter."

We certainly had not expected French restaurant fare, but the place being styled a hotel, we had naturally entertained some hopes of finding the common English restoratives—cold joint, chop or ham. We ordered resignedly a jug of milk and plenty of bread and butter. The sweet-faced hostess put before us two small glasses, sparingly filled with a bluish liquid we

were expected to take for milk, and remarked with a smile:

"We sell it by the glass."

Oh, civilization, what rogues thou hast made of us! Our greedy eyes watched her cutting the bread. She was evidently mistress in the art of bread-cutting. The thinnest slices imaginable—you could have read through them. How much butter such exquisite lace-work could stand may easily be inferred. We raved inwardly, and ordered a second portion, with an emphatic request to cut the bread thick. She smiled, but never a whit did she improve on her former cuts. Generosity was evidently an obsolete term in the Herm vocabulary, or was it wholly foreign? We recollected that Rabelais hints at some such state of affairs in his famous romance of "*Gargantua et Pantagruel*," making Panurge speak of the *isles de Cerg et Herm entre Bretagne et Angleterre as terre des voleurs et larrons*. This was in 1540. Our bill certainly showed no improvement in 1882, for when we asked how much the little was, we were told five shillings—a dollar and a quarter. Pretty dear for primitive simplicity!

Alexander Dumas laughingly relates, somewhere in his travels through Switzerland, that whenever he knew a table d'hôte bill likely to be exorbitant, he always managed to eat a double portion. We could not well follow his example, for there was nothing to eat; but we acted on the same principle—we pumped out of our charming extortioner all the information we could touching the island. We learned that Herm belonged to a religious society—a brotherhood of Franciscan monks—who, fearing after the overthrow of the last Napoleon that a new republic might again drive them out of France, had secured the island as a place of refuge. The new administrator was a rigid Catholic—very monkish in his habits; hence the seeming inhospitality of the restriction.

Finding that there was in fact nothing to go after at Herm but its shell-beach, we followed our ship's company. Very picturesque indeed did it look, with its bare-legged children and their skirts-tucked-up mammas! Conspicuous among all was our portly French lady. The superb abundance of her bust and general spherical completeness was ingeniously compressed in a close-fitting bathing-suit of the latest Trouville style. How lightly she skipped from rock to rock! How gracefully, too, notwithstanding the burden nature had so irrevocably fastened upon her! Very angular and awkward looked beside her some of her more modest English companions. Say what you may, the girdle of Venus never fitted other than French women. "But French grace," grumbles the Englishman, "is more than counterbalanced by French *légèreté*. Lightly they move, lightly they think, lightly they feel, lightly they talk, these seductive French women!" Those who know them well do not think so.

The sun meanwhile was fast traveling toward the west. Our little steamer whistled us back. The merry crew—laden with baskets of shells of every form and color, with sea-weed common and uncommon, with curious sea-stars, sea-stones, sea-things of every description—obeyed the summons, and we soon found ourselves all together again on board. If Herm proved a failure regarding ruins, the jolly company we were with fully realized our expectations of novelty. It was as interesting an experience as any, to hear them relate in French, in English, in Breton, in patois, the various haps and mishaps of their expedition.

We had not yet visited the northern division of Guernsey. It is not nearly so attractive in pictu-

resqueness as the southern, but it contains some noteworthy Druidic monuments. We determined to devote a day to St. Sampson Parish to explore them.

We took our favorite conveyance, the chair. A couple of interesting old castles arrest the attention on the way. We stopped at the Chateau des Marais, said to have been built in the eleventh century, by Robert, Duke of Normandy, in return for the kindness the inhabitants showed him during a storm when his fleet, on its way to England, sought refuge in the Guernsey ports. Little remains of the old castle; some few traces only of the fosse and a part of the rampart. Vale Castle, farther on, is in better preservation. It is said to date back to the tenth century, and to have been built by Norman monks as a refuge from pirates. Its ancient gateway is still entire, as also some portions of the outer walls. But none of these castles present any interest aside from their historical associations; their architecture is the simplest—pure Norman. They were nothing but strongholds in times of war.

L'Autel de Dehus—the Devil's Altar—is the first Druidic stone we came to. The original circle of this tumulus is marked by several upright stones. The top one, resting on these, weighs twenty tons, and measures seventeen feet by six. Some interesting discoveries were made in the chamber below; three separate layers of bones and pottery were found, as also two skeletons placed side by side in a kneeling posture, touching each other at the elbows and facing, one the south and the other the north. The whole interior of this kist was filled with light earth and limpet shells.

A still larger and more perfect cromlech is to be seen on the hillock at L'Ancrese Common. This Druid temple on a solitary spot, overlooking the bay, is very impressive. Its cap-stone—an enormous block of granite—is computed to weigh thirty tons. It was completely covered up with sand at the time of its discovery. This, no doubt, was the cause of its preservation; the farmers around would otherwise soon have despoiled it, to use the stones for farm-buildings. Dr. Lukis, who explored it in 1837, found in it a large number of interesting remains—stone and clay amulets, beads and bone pins, human skeletons. No less than one hundred and fifty urns were removed from it. These urns, rude in shape and material, are supposed to have been filled at times of sepulture, with food or liquid.

The "Toilers of the Sea" had given us an appetite for novel-reading. We were told of a pretty story written by Hesba Stretton, and entitled "The Doctor's Dilemma," the scene of which was laid at Sark. The little island, as we watched it under the caresses of sun and air—now gray, now purple, now gold—seemed every day to reproach us for our tardiness in coming to see it. There is undeniably a great charm in waiking the places idealized by fiction. We had become deeply interested in our new romance, and, whilst reading it, planned a trip to Sark to verify the correctness of the author's descriptions.

A little steamer plies regularly on certain days in the week between St. Peter Port and Sark, leaving the harbor at ten in the morning and returning in the afternoon. The distance is about an hour's sail. We availed ourselves of a bright day and started for Sark.

A circle of rocks and islets so girdles the island that one is at first puzzled how any approach to it or entrance is to be effected. As we came closer we made out the *creux*, or hole, where we were to land. This *creux*—called by corruption *terrible*, from *derrables*, signifying earth-falls—is a natural cavern, about two hundred feet deep. It is reached by means of rowboats, for the

steamer remains outside the harbor. We looked down into its black crater and heard the roar of the sea as it rushed in from below; we could imagine the frightful noises the waters must make here at high tides; the rattling of the round stones which pave the bed of the hole, and the sea striking its sides with a thud and a boom, dashing its spray half way up the funnel.

A tunnel, cut in the rock three hundred years ago by Hilary de Carteret, the first *Seigneur* of Sark, leads the visitor into the island.

Sark is about three miles and a half long, and a mile and a half wide. In shape it resembles two loops—a large and a small one—united by a thin line, a sort of isthmus. This line, called *Coupée*, connecting Great Sark and Little Sark, is a natural curiosity. The road here contracts to a width of from six to eight feet, with precipitous descents on each side into the sea—not the pleasantest of bridges to cross on a dark night. A curious story is told of an inhabitant of Southern Sark who used to spend his evenings somewhat too convivially in the northern division. As he was not always sure of possessing the requisite steadiness to cross the narrow passage in safety, he adopted a certain method to test his capability. An old cannon lay on the ground on the Great Sark side of the *Coupée*. Upon this he practiced, and if he could walk from end to end without slipping off, he considered himself safe in attempting the dangerous passage.

The scenery of Sark closely resembles that of Guernsey—grand and savage in some parts, bewitchingly lovely in others. We roamed over the island at will, now rehearsing its historical, now its romantic features. We fancied we could see Tardif's cottage, with his old mother moving in and out, weeding her garden or feeding her chickens; we speculated upon the spot from which *mam'zelle* fell from the cliff; we saw the obliging little yacht of the cousin-captain bringing the enamored doctor to the little island, and we followed him in his hurried walk to the fisherman's cottage, and to his patient's bedside. We shared all the anxieties of his dilemma.

Sark has a kind of patriarchal government of its own. Its court consists of a *sténchal*, a *prévôt* and a *greffier*. The right of punishment of the first is limited to a fine of three *livres tournois* (about four shillings) and three days' imprisonment. Where more severe punishment is called for, the case is sent to Guernsey. As an instance of the primitiveness of judicial government at Sark, it is related that the bailiff and jurats of Guernsey, during an official visit, were once met by the Sark *prévôt*, who complained bitterly that he had to attend the court in all seasons, that he had to furnish the prison and even keep the prisoners at his own cost, claiming some sort of payment for these services. The authorities naturally sympathized with him, and asked how many persons had been imprisoned that year. "None this year," was the answer. "How many last year?" "One." The story tells farther, in conjunction with this, that a Sark woman having been sentenced to prisop for twenty-four hours, desired the constables to leave the doors open, as she disliked to be shut up at night; and the constables acceded to her request.

A trip to Sark is as interesting a trip as can be made among the Channel Islands. We found ours both profitable and pleasurable.

Were we aware, we asked one another one morning, that the summer was drawing to its end and that we had not yet seen Jersey? Alderney was of less account, and could be passed by, but not Jersey. We had heard



ENTRANCE TO SEIGNEURIE PARK.

from chance travelers that Alderney was nothing but a pasturage and a vast military station, and had concluded to strike it out of our itinerary; but Guernsey's larger sister had every claim on us, and we resolved to take up our tent at St. Peter Port and transport it to St. H  lier. It was a hard thing to do. We could scarcely pluck up courage enough to fix upon the day of departure. Still harder was it to communicate the news to our kind landlady. We had almost become fixtures in the house—parts of it. We chose a moment when both mistress and maid were busy around us to announce the fact. The change it produced in the two friendly countenances showed how unwelcome the news was. Louise at once objected.

"Jersey is the same as Guernsey, only bigger; you could see it in a couple of days, and come back here."

"Yes, we could in a certain fashion, but you know it is not our way. It takes us a long time to see a place."

"You will regret it. St. H  lier is a nasty, noisy place."

"Very likely, but we must see it."

The day of departure proved a hard one for all four of us. Not till then had we realized how strong a hold the little island had taken on us, but we steadfastly adhered to our determination and we said farewell.

A four hours' sail takes the traveler to Jersey. We happened to catch the Channel in one of its serener moods. The sea was as calm as a mirror and as blue as the sky, and we glided along on its smooth surface as between two worlds of azure. But we had become somewhat blas   in regard to grand coast scenery. The succession of fine pictures the island presented by turns as we sailed round it to reach the port failed to make upon us any lively impression. Several reefs of rocks were pointed out to us—the Paternosters, the Dirouilles, the Ecrehoes—as ominously famous in shipwreck lore; but we had seen the like before, and our interest was more fixed on rural than coast scenery. We had heard so much about the exquisite valleys and woodlands of

Jersey, that we looked more particularly for these as subjects of interest. A friend who had spent a few weeks in the island that same summer gave us the benefit of his experience: "Don't stay at St. H  lier. It's a noisy place, and its bathing accommodations are very inferior. St. Aubin is the place for apartments."

We felt at once on landing the moral difference between Guernsey and Jersey. There was a certain repose about the former's thrift which we missed. We had great trouble in keeping the vociferous officiousness of the porters and drivers at arm's length. We missed also our pleasant Guernsey chair. The vehicles awaiting us on the pier were all two-horse cabs.

As our method in procuring good apartments had proved a hit at Guernsey, we repeated it at St. H  lier. We told our driver to drive to St. Aubin, and stop at such houses as were likely to have suitable rooms to let.

"You can get good rooms in the town," he said.

"Possibly; but we want to be out of town."

"There are up Conway Street and Mulcaster Street—"

"Drive to St. Aubin," we repeated.

He shrugged his shoulders and went on.

What a world of philosophy is sometimes conveyed in a shoulder-shrug! The man had his reasons for recommending the town, and we should have asked what they were before we so obstinately insisted on St. Aubin lodgings.

The glimpse we got of the town passing through made us, however, all the more eager for the country. Narrow streets, bustling carts, bawling vegetable-venders, and through it all excursion cars going like the mischief, full of irrepressibles—the "Arry" type.

"You will find St. Aubin dull," again ventured our cabman.

What possessed the man?

"We could not stand such a noise as this," we answered. "Go to St. Aubin."

"Oh, there are quiet streets—"

"Go to St. Aubin."

He gave it up at last, and, as a vent to his wounded feelings, whipped his horses into a gallop. We soon found ourselves out of town and on the desired road.

Midway between St. Hélier and St. Aubin we passed a row of pretty villas facing the bay. Some had "Apartments" in the windows—the well-known sign. We stopped, inquired, and finally decided for a suite of rooms at the Villa Isabel. The driver is dismissed, the trunks brought up, and we take possession. We considered ourselves extremely fortunate. The windows all looked upon the bay; the tide was in—a delicious blue expanse of gently-rolling waves right at our gate, nothing intervening but the little railroad that runs between St. Hélier to St. Aubin. From your bed into your bath! Glorious! We settled down in "measure-

to strangers. We lost no time in securing this one advantage. Père Lanfroy, the owner of the vehicle, lived a five-minutes' walk from Villa Isabel, in a neat cottage, midst garden and orchard, with his wife and two daughters—two comely Jersey maidens of Normandy origin. The parents were French. We found them at breakfast, in a room opening upon the barnyard, from which stable odors richly mingled with the onion soup smoking on the table. We stated our business and were asked to take a seat.

"Fanny is a good horse," said Père Lanfroy in reply to our various questions concerning his mare's traveling qualities; "somewhat slow at times, and you must touch her up; but a safe creature—you'll like her." With that he put his fingers to his lips and produced



A WATER LANE.

less content," and looked forward to a second summer—a Jersey summer!

Oh, for the vanity of all human expectations! What a trick this pretty little St. Aubin bay played us! Its waters at high tide barely reached above our knees! We were sold! Walking farther into greater depth, moreover, did not mend matters, for the treacherous beach was endless in its shallowness. We put this down as disappointment number one. Disappointment number two was the discovery that thus, midway between St. Hélier and St. Aubin, we could not reach conveniently any public conveyances. Disappointment number three, the difficulty of obtaining provisions, and notably meat, at regular times—no butcher in the neighborhood. We had to send to St. Hélier for everything. Oh, Louise, how right thou wert!

The second difficulty was, however, finally obviated by our good landlady telling us of a farmer in the neighborhood who occasionally hired out his chaise and pony

a peculiar sound, something between a whistle and a cry, and we presently heard a heavy tread and saw Fanny make her appearance at the door.

"Come in, Fan; come in, pct," said one of the girls, holding out to her a piece of bread.

Fanny came in, sure enough, and walked up to the table to get the morsel. There was something so patriarchal in this scene; we took so immediately to the whole household, the mare included, that the bargain was struck at once, and without any farther questionings; we were to have Fanny, morning, noon or night, at an hour's notice.

The first object of our sight-seeing excursions was Mont Orgueil Castle, seven miles from St. Hélier. We took it easy, loafingly, stopping here and there to take a stroll or a sketch. Fanny fell quite in with this Bohemian way of traveling; she seemed always ready to stop.

With the help of our guide-book we managed to make

out the various points of interest on the way. We had taken the St. Clement's Bay road, and were to come first to *Havre des Pies*, a spot where stood formerly a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, in honor of footprints she had left on the rock where she appeared. We made a rough guess as to the location, for there was nothing but the legend to mark the spot. Driving on we looked out for Marine Terrace, the first home of M. Victor Hugo. A row of neat little houses seemed to answer the terrace appellation.

"Which of these is Victor Hugo's house?" we asked of an old man busy breaking stones on the road.

"*Connais pas.*"

We repeated the question in French, but to no better purpose. We resorted to the guide-book. First house on the right, it said. Some good in guide-books, no doubt, but only when other information fails; we always give the preference to that yielded on the spot, by either man, woman or child. Continuing our way we presently came to a lordly gate, through which we perceived the feudal manor-house of the Saumarez family. The Saumarez and the Dumaresqs, their fore-runners, were among the chief families of Jersey; and the manor, like other ancient manors in the island, was held of the Queen on condition of feudal service. The lord of the fief of Rozel, for instance, was bound to ride into the sea to meet the Queen till the water reached his horse's saddle-girths; others were bound to supply men-at-arms, completely equipped, in case of invasion. The lord of the fief of Trinity was held to furnish two drakes for the Queen's table.

"On, on, Fanny! what a lazy thing! She stops at every semblance of a house!" We whipped her through Pontac, through Grouville, over the Witches' Heath, all the way to Gorey. Here we stopped. The castle, a grand mass of building, was looking down on us from a high bluff on the other side of the hamlet. We were on the beach, and wondered whether the way was open to the hill. Two women, seated on a rock near by and at work on nets, were watching our movements. We called to them. "Can we cross this beach to the other side?" we asked. "We want to go to the castle."

"Yes," says one; "but the tide is coming in, you'd better hurry!"

"What! a St. Aubin tide? No great harm then."

She did not catch the joke.

"You'd better take the main road," says the second, pointing to a serpentine lane behind the row of houses that constitute the hamlet. "There are ugly stones in the way, and your horse is slow."

"They can get over if they hurry," says again the first.

"They mightn't," says the second.

We decided to venture it; and, oh! Fanny, wast thou not made to understand the meaning of a gallop that time! Over stones and through sea-puddles it went, *Corricolo* fashion, the rolling-in waters bidding, make haste.

We reached the other side safe enough, and in less time than we thought, and gave our poor mare a breathing space. And then up, up the hill to the castle gate.

Mont Orgueil Castle is a good specimen of a medieval fortress. It is the commanding object of the east coast of the island, and is said to date from the time of Henry II. It is in fact a double castle, for adjoining it and communicating with it is another ancient fort—Caesar's Fort. It is now used wholly for barracks. An obliging red-coat furnished us such intelligence as we could not well gather from mere observation. He pointed out the dungeons, and at the summit of the

tower the prison-cell where such noted martyrs of the tyranny and misrule of Charles I and his time, as David Bandinel and his son James, the staunch Puritan Prynne and others, were incarcerated. Poor Prynne! in the pillory, with both ears cut off, both cheeks branded with a hot iron, under a sentence of £10,000 fine and imprisonment for life, what a persistent muse must have been his to still indulge in verse-making! Very mild poetry it was, but still verse. Three loopholes gave light to his cell, says our military cicerone. Was it from these he saw the objects that make the title of one of his poems, "The Sea, the Rocks, and the Gardens?"

"Mont Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,
Within the eastern part of Jersey Isle.
Seated upon a rocke full large and high,
Close by the seashore next to Normandle;
Near to a sandy bay, where boats doe ride
Within a peere, safe from both wind and tide.
Three parts thereof the flowing seas surround,
The fourth, northwestwards, is firm, rockie ground."

What it lacks in poetry it certainly makes up in fact. Solid masonry all. Strength, not beauty, distinguishes all these Channel Island castles. They believed, and still believe, in nothing better than muscles and granite, these sturdy Channel Islanders. Of the tenderness of art they have no conception. How different the chateau-building of the same period in sunny France! Even the simple architecture of the time of Louis XII, as we study it in connection with the more florid renaissance style of the Francis I days, illustrated in the Chateau de Blois, how inspiring! With what pleasure the eye rests on the gentle and simple gravity of the first, and the gayer, livelier grace of the second! But where art fails nature takes the matter in hand. She covers the rude, rocky platform with a green sward; she drapes the hard stones with masses of ivies and vines and mosses; wherever she gets a chance she sticks bouquets in the stern walls; every fissure and crevasse becomes a flower-vase.

The exploration of the castle itself offers no great interest; its historical recollections are chiefly connected with Charles I and his Parliament. It is what we see from its windows and terraces that repays for the climbing: the open bay to the south; the little harbor of Gorey, with its tiny fleet of oyster boats; the deliciously-wooded interior of the island; and far on the distant horizon the white shores of Normandy and the cathedral spires of Coutances.

We were told that there were some well-preserved Druid remains at a short distance back of the castle. But we had seen cromlechs enough. We therefore bade good-by to the "lofty pile" and turned again Fannyward. She had been left in charge of a good-man innkeeper, who kept a little establishment of small beer and milk for the accommodation of Mont Orgueil Castle visitors. We asked for a glass of milk, and whilst we watched Fanny enjoy her pail of clear water—half envying her, our own drink being neither one thing nor another—the following talk took place between us and our milk-vender:

"Now what's the reason your milk is so bad?" we asked. "Good pastures, fine cattle, but the poorest milk we ever tasted."

He looked surprised.

"I have never heard the Jersey milk complained of before," he replied somewhat gruffly.

"We have tried it at Sark, at Herm, at Guernsey, and everywhere the same watery stuff! We have tasted better milk in the heart of London!"



ST. APOLINE—GUERNSEY.

He could not understand how that could be.

"Now, confess; it's all to be laid to the cow's iron tail, eh?"

More nonplussed a face never was seen.

"The cow's iron tail!" he muttered. Were we English?

"The pump-handle then."

"Ah, yes, I see." And then followed a wordy, intricate demonstration how that, from time immemorial, butter was a great consideration in the islands. Brittany was getting ahead of Jersey in butter-making, Normandy too; they had to look to their laurels; besides, the milk could not be so bad, since nobody complained of it. "Didn't we find the Jersey butter very good?"

"Nothing extra," we assured him.

It is a sad fact to record, but unfortunately a true one: Channel Islands milk is absolutely nothing but milky water.

We returned to St. H  lier by way of Hougue-Bie, or the Prince's Tower. Our guide book relates quite a legend touching this spot. The same is found in the *Livre Noir* of Coutances. Here it is:

"Of old, there was in the Island of Jersey a serpent that troubled the islanders; but the lord of Hambye, in Normandy, having heard speak thereof, came thither, killed the serpent, and cut off its head. But the servant who accompanied him, wishing to appropriate to himself the renown of this action, killed his master and buried him. The servant, on his return to Hambye, persuaded his mistress that the serpent had slain her lord, and that he, to avenge his master's death, had destroyed the serpent; and he persuaded her that the dying wish of his master was that she should marry him, which she did for the love she bore to her dead husband. But the servant having become master was agitated and affrighted in dreams, and cried aloud in his sleep: 'Oh wretched man that I am to have killed my lord!' As he continued frequently thus to dream, she suspected him, declared it to her friends, and the servant being examined by order of

the judge, the homicide was made evident. She, in memory of this action, on the spot where she learned that her husband had been murdered and buried, erected a round monument upon an elevated place in the said island of Jersey, the which spot is called the Hougue-Bie, which in clear weather is visible from the castle and town of Hambye in Normandy."

A splendid view is obtained from the summit. It is a favorite place for Jersey pleasure-seekers. This old feudal tower, built by Philippe d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, on the spot where the legendary lady had erected a chapel to her murdered husband, is now converted into pleasure grounds with tea-garden arrangements and swings. Those who prefer sentiment to pleasure must keep away. Two years ago, visiting Aix-la-Chapelle, and trying to find the ruined tower which still remains of Charlemagne's hunting-seat, and particularly the lake wherein the king threw Fastrada's ring, we found the place converted into a beer-garden. Punchinello, banished from his small boards, has revenged himself and taken possession of the whole world.

The road home lay through the richest woodlands and orchards. We stopped a moment at a quaint well beside a cottage. It was as lovely a picture as we had yet seen. An old moss-covered well by a lowly cottage, all overrun with honeysuckle and fuchsia. A meek-eyed peasant woman was standing on the threshold holding by a long rope a cow that was feeding from a trough. She saluted us with a cheery "Good-day;" we returned the compliment, and remarking upon the fashion of tying the cattle in Jersey we said:

"She wouldn't run away, would she?"

"Oh, no! Better hold her though; she might go into the garden after cabbages."

"Poor thing! I don't like to see the cows tied!"

"Oh laws, missis, they don't mind it!"

Talking about cabbages reminds us of a peculiar kind we have never seen grown elsewhere but in the islands. They are chiefly raised for the cattle, and serve some-

times for inclosures. The stalk grows to the height of six or seven feet, and is turned into walking-sticks as an object of curiosity for tourists.

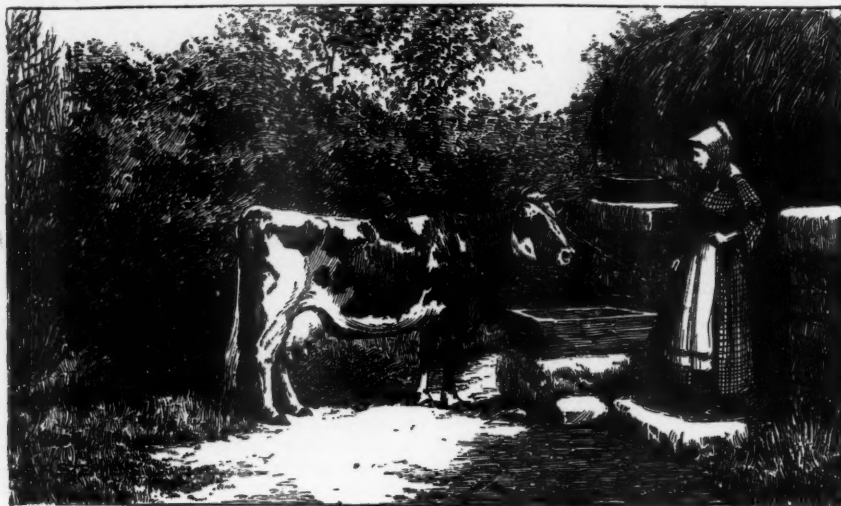
Fanny continually tried our temper. She positively stood stock-still, sometimes, donkey fashion. What if we followed Dumas' method, which is to pull donkeys backward to make them go forward? Our witty Frenchman maintains that certain natures only advance by dint of retrogression.

We had read of dead horses going like the wind—Corricolo teams—and tried the butt end of the whip. She objected decidedly. That was not in the bargain, she seemed to say.

However, we reached home by dinner-time and turned Fanny over to her kind masters without comment on

for the king. The Jerseyans, ever loyal to the crown, still wear on "oak-apple day," the 29th of May, the symbolic oak leaf in their buttonholes, in commemoration of the castle's final surrender. It became later a refuge for Charles II, as also for Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, who selected it for his place of exile, and wrote in it part of his famous "History of the Rebellion." Cowley, the poet, also lived in it awhile.

Some of our pleasantest moments in Jersey were spent in Père Lanfroy's little garden. We liked to hear the old man talk, and often, in the quiet of the evening, we strolled over to his cottage, and seated on the rustic bench before his door, under his vine and fig tree, we questioned him about his life and Jersey history in general.



A JERSEY COW AT HOME.

her trying habits. We were about quits; her laziness and our whipping making things pretty even.

We had been looking for moonlight nights as a compensation which the sham-bay that had so inveigled us owed us. The moonlight on those waters must be something grand, we thought; and something grand it proved, in truth; we shall never forget the scene. The tranquil bay with its two silent castles—Elizabeth and St. Aubin—stationed like sentinels, at each of its curves, under that silver light, shifting, shifting, now touching up a tower, now a rock, now gliding softly over the trembling waves, setting them a-sparkle—was a spectacle more magical than natural.

The rock on which Elizabeth Castle rises was originally the site of the Abbey of St. Hélier, founded in 1125, on the spot where the saint suffered martyrdom. The plan of building a castle on the place originated with Edward VI, in 1551. He took possession of all the church and chapel-bells of the island, and sent them to Paris to be sold to pay for the new fortification. But the ship that carried them was lost, and the work was stopped for want of means. Queen Elizabeth, in her turn, took the work in hand and built the upper ward. Charles I subsequently built the lower. The castle did good service in 1651 against the troops of the parliamentary army, and was the last fortress that held out

One evening we found him particularly communicative. He told us that he had not lived a long time in that part of the island. He was a native of Normandy, and had come over, some thirty years ago, to buy a large farm in St. Peter Parish.

"Ah, St. Peter Valley! You must see that!"

"And why did you leave there?"

A cloud passed over the old man's face, and Mère Lanfroy, who came and went, catching bits of the talk and occasionally putting in a word or two, wiped a tear from her eyes with the end of her apron. There was a pause. We knew we had touched a painful chord. But he presently resumed his talk, and:

"Our three children were all born in the valley," he said; "a son and two daughters. A fine fellow, sir, and I looked to him to work that farm—one of the richest and finest in the island—but he died!—at twenty-two, sir!—and we could not stay there any longer."

"No," echoed his wife, "we could not stay there any longer."

"That's sad, indeed! But you are still hale and hearty, Père Lanfroy," we said, condoling; "and you have two comely daughters."

"Yes, yes; but girls, sir, ever so many, never make up for an only son. Poor, poor Michael!"

Père Lanfroy was a thoroughbred farmer—practical,

thrifty and intelligent. He knew nothing of the more modern and scientific modes of agriculture; but he had made his own farm pay, and got the full value for it when he sold it.

"More than enough in bank from it, sir, to live, my wife and I, in peace and comfort for the rest of our lives. The girls, too, have each a good dowry. They are about to marry well-to-do merchants in town. So Marianne and I, please God, may yet see another little Michael to comfort our old age!"

We took advantage of the good man's experience in farming matters to inquire into the agriculture of the islands, and learned that in the centre of Jersey and Guernsey the soil is mostly of first-rate quality—a rich, deep loam resting on a gravel bottom. It is reckoned not by acres, but by "vergees," two and three-quarter vergees making an imperial acre. His best profit the Jersey farmer gets from his potato crop. The wheat-crop and dairy produce are trifles compared to it. On a holding of forty vergees ten are devoted to potatoes. Père Lanfroy chuckled over the Scotchman's boast of drawing twenty-five and thirty pounds an acre for his land.

"We draw often a hundred for ours," he said.

Remembering our inferior potatoes in America (for never in our lives had we seen and tasted potato like the Channel Island potato), we inquired into the Jersey mode of cultivation. A great deal of attention is given to the preparation of the land. They use first a light plow for turning over the soil; next a heavy cultivator of a kind peculiar to the islands, which travels along the drills on two high wheels, with a mould-board attached to a wooden frame.

Beside his potato, the Jersey farmer has one or two more strings to his bow. Here and there the land under tubers is made to grow three crops, and that without additional manure—first barley and then turnips.

A very busy and important time for the farmers is the season for cutting the *vraic*, or seaweed, largely used as manure. It has especially the property of making the young grass tender. The cutting takes place twice a year—in February and June, at the first new or full moon. The first crop is wholly for manure, the second for fuel. The *vraic venant*, as it is called on the island, is allowed to all persons, rich or poor, and the cutting of it is the occasion of a general holiday, as is the vintage in France and Germany. The rocks having been examined the day before by the men, large parties form into sets of two or three families, resort to the most promising places, where the weed is thickest and longest, and cut it with a small kind of reaping-hook, throwing it into heaps till the tide flows. It is then carried out of reach of the advancing tide as fast as possible. In the evening the parties meet at some neighboring house of refreshment, where the *lit de fouaille* is fitted up for the occasion and lighted for a bonfire. The evening closes with a dance.

Our inclination to roam was not the same at Jersey as at Guernsey. The lanes and roads, beautiful and excellent as they are, did not coax us into walking for walking's sake. There was no beach, either, like the Fort George beach. The one stretching before our house became gradually so distasteful that we preferred going six miles to St. Hélier to take our baths. There was nothing left us but fall in with the regular tourist's fashion, namely, do up the island and go.

Among the chief objects of curiosity at Jersey are the Plemont Caves, the largest caves on the island. Plemont Point runs out far into the sea, and the land here forms a peninsula, with perpendicular walls of rock. The celebrated caverns, six of them, may be visited at all times, except near high water. Some are connected with one another by low arches, but most of them are detached. The largest is a hundred feet in height and five hundred in length; but their general features are the same. A waterfall, pouring from a height of about fifty feet, is one of the attractions of this subterranean landscape. It is here that the telegraph which connects Jersey with Guernsey, and thence with England, may be seen; the end of the first cable, all broken and rusted, is still visible.

The Martello towers, by the way, form an interesting and recurrent feature in these and the other islands. One of them is shown in the view of Fermain Bay, Guernsey, published last week; and the visitor is continually coming upon them, perched on commanding points along the coast.

In the times when piracy was rife on the Mediterranean coasts, and the corsairs frequently landed after the manner of the old Northmen—pillaging and ravaging—towers were erected from which the approach of a pirate ship could be seen, and the striking of a bell with a little hammer (*martello*) was the signal of warning. These towers are now generally abandoned, and many have been dismantled.

St. Brelade's Bay, Kinchelley Lane—the lane *par excellence*—St. Owen Bay, Mount Mado quarries, are all places of more or less interest visited by travelers. The Mount Mado quarries are especially valuable for their pink granite. This granite admits of a high polish, and some very pretty articles of jewelry are made from it on the several islands.

Concerning the Channel Islands' climatic advantages for invalids we will briefly state what has come under our observation from our own experience and the conversation with persons qualified to judge. The uniformity of the climate is best proved by its vegetable productions. Figs, grapes, melons there reach their greatest perfection. Myrtles and camellias grow freely in the open air during the winter months. Invalids may stay out daily for eight and ten hours without experiencing any chilliness. The winters are extremely mild; there is scarcely ever any snow, or any frost that does not yield during the forenoon; from April till October fires are rarely necessary. There have appeared in *The Lancet*, within the last few years, a number of articles recommending the Channel Islands for pulmonary diseases; they have been found preferable to any of the places usually resorted to on the Continent.

But the summer was drawing to its end, and September sternly bade us fix upon the day of departure. We were just beginning to like Jersey almost as well as Guernsey, and were loath to go. One more drive with Fanny through St. Peter Valley! One more visit to Petit Bot Bay!

And now good-by, ye lovely islands! Good-by, St. Aubin Bay; we bear thee no grudge. Good-by, Père Lanfroy, Mère Lanfroy, Mesdemoiselles Lanfroy; good-by, Fanny; we are off, and may the fates be kind enough to let us visit you again some future day!

CAROLINE ROLLIN CORSON.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CENTURY and three-quarters ago—very far back in the seventeen hundreds—there lived in one of the midland counties of Virginia a rich Frenchman, Pierre St. Jean by name. He owned a fertile plantation and many slaves, and worked both with diligence that earned for him from his leisure-loving neighbors the title of "miserly skinfint." He had neither wife nor child, and was the only white person on his estate. A traditional anecdote runs that an inquisitive neighbor plied him, when he was in his eightieth year, with questions as to the disposition he intended to make of his hoards.

The old man was sitting in his porch, overlooking cotton and tobacco-fields specked with laborers, low-grounds of corn skirting the river, and uplands waving with golden wheat ready for the scythe. He was bent almost double with age and rheumatism, his skin was tan-colored and dry as a drum-head, but his beady black eyes snapped wickedly at the bore's importunities.

"Sare!" he snarled, "in all ze time I 'ave live' in zis so villain countree I 'ave save' joos' t'ree 'undred pence. I s'all leave zis in mine veel to my grandmuzzer, who still live in Paree, and dance at ze Court balls."

It has almost passed from the minds of those now living that, up to the year 1776, the Church of England was the "Establishment" in the Old Dominion as really as in the Mother Country. Mr. Jefferson, through whose bold pressure of a bill for the "Abolition of General Assessment for the Established Church" all denominations were put upon an equal footing, says of the period preceding this salutary enactment:

"In process of time, however, other sectarisms were introduced, chiefly of the Presbyterian family. The established clergy, secure for life in their glebes and salaries, adding to these generally the emoluments of a classical school, found employment enough in their farms and school-rooms for the rest of the week, and devoted Sunday only for the edification of their flock by service and a sermon at their parish church. Their other pastoral functions were little attended to. Against this inactivity the zeal and industry of sectarian preachers had an open and undisputed field, and by the time of the Revolution a majority of the inhabitants had become dissenters from the Established Church, but were still obliged to pay contributions to support the pastors of the minority. This unrighteous compulsion to maintain teachers of what they deemed religious errors was grievously felt during the regal government, and without a hope of relief."

Thomas Jefferson was not born, and public men had not begun to bestir themselves to right the wrong of which complaints were circulating in discontented whispers, when there was talk of erecting a parish church in the godless vicinage in which Pierre St. Jean was the principal land-holder. At the first breath of the project he astonished the county by offering to give the ground for church and glebe-farm. His reasons for the action were substantially the same with those that

led to the erection of the little church at the gates of the Ferney chateau.

"Ze church is one almost as good t'ing as ze police," he represented to the committee who were collecting funds for the enterprise. "Ve cannot in one land so new and savage as zis 'ave ze police; zen ze church by all mean. I s'all send all my servants, and *veep* zem if zey do not go. Perhaps zey veel be afraid of ze priest, and ze fire eternal, and steal not so mooch of my corn and peach-brandy."

He aroused himself from his customary absorption in his own affairs so far as to overlook the work when begun. The vestrymen favored another location for the church and encompassing burial-ground than that desired by him, but he carried his point. The building was set up on a natural bank scarcely twenty-five yards from the highway, and within sight of the small dwelling which was the heart of the *Bienvenu* (pronounced "Benvenew" by the neighbors) tract. The glebe-farm and parsonage were two miles away. It was evident that the house of worship was designed as a family chapel, an appanage of M. St. Jean's estate. Money and stubbornness won the day, and he testified a sneering consciousness of their supremacy over consideration for the religious welfare of the community by registering in the deed of gift that the church was made over to the parish by "Pierre St. Jean's will." He said by his "veel," and by the passage of the story through many mouths, the plain wooden structure perched on the roadside, although formally dedicated as "St. Philip's," was known generally as "Old Singinsville."

After the disestablishment it became by degrees "a free church," i. e., one in which several denominations had acknowledged right. The Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians each held services in it one Sunday in the month, leaving a fourth for the original owners. When a fifth Sunday occurred the Episcopalians took that also, by a sort of courteous and somewhat pathetic recognition of their former lordly estate. The four sects assumed the duty in common of keeping the premises in repair, no one feeling especially obliged to see that this was well done.

This is the history in brief of "Old Singinsville," as it is known to this day, none, except the neighborhood antiquarian having any knowledge of the title of which the uncouth appellation is a perversion, or why the adjective of age is prefixed.

On Christmas Sunday two carriages from Summerfield set down their loads at the church-door. It was an ugly, oblong frame house, the paintless clap-boards and shingles dark-gray at their underlapping, shading into black at the outer edges. A door like that of a barn, and two long, shutterless windows were set in the gable nearest the road; five other windows on each long side, and two more in the farther gable. Between these last was the pulpit. Farm-fences—the well-known rail zigzags—bounded the church-yard on the north and east. The west end of the building backed up into a pine wood that ran down the hill to a creek at the bottom. Toward the highway the area was open, and be-

tween this and the church-door all vestiges of the grave-yard had been obliterated. Beyond the wheel-track leading to and from the steps, tall hickories and oaks had shot up since the abolition of the *ancien régime*, heaving flat grave-stones and wrapping their roots about the forgotten bones below. Here and there a tangle of honeysuckle and white-rose bushes, the scraggy stems yellow with moss, or a hardy arbor-vitæ tree bore testimony to love that had watched above the precious dust a long generation ago. Old Pierre St. Jean's will decreed that he should be buried as near the church as the grave could be dug without injuring the foundation. He had slept for a hundred years right under the drip of the gutterless eaves, and the continual dropping had worn away the two lines that recorded his name, birth and death.

The negroes believed that he walked on winter nights about and about the walls raised at his "vill," banished from Heaven for his sins, but respited from the place of torment at certain seasons, that he might look for a few hours upon the monument of the solitary good deed he had performed while wearing his meagre garment of flesh. On stormy midnights he had been seen carrying a blue lantern slowly around the church, examining the foundation stones cemented under his eye. While they held together his imprisonment was to have the temporary mitigation of these earthly visits. His estate had been sold at his death and the proceeds sent to an address in France given in his last will and testament. The plantation was parceled into three freeholds. His house took fire in the night and burned to the ground shortly after his demise.

Aunt Betsey had told me the tale with many illustrative incidents, and it was a pearl of price to me pending the Sabbath ministrations of such godly and long-winded brethren as Rev. Mr. Watts, the Baptist incumbent, and our own pastor, Mr. Burgess. There was Presbyterian preaching twice a month at Mt. Hermon, a neat, new church just beyond the outskirts of the Summerfield plantation. On the remaining Sabbaths we took such chances of spiritual profit as "free churches" afforded.

Given board and charcoal, I could reproduce the interior of the edifice on the site of which now stands a hideous rectangle of cheap brick—still "Singinsville," and sometimes "New."

The benches must have been of *lignum-vitæ*, or possibly petrified wood, for no others were ever so hard, and had never known the touch of a paint-brush. The backs were carved and lettered on the outside with industry and into intricacy rivaling the master-pieces wrought with tools as rude by monks, with nothing else to do, on stall and reredos and lectern, in medieval chapels. Lovers' knots with intertwined initials; linked and scarified hearts; horses leaping fences, in full run, standing with and without riders; caricatures of the human face and form; dogs, foxes, birds—were cut or drawn carelessly, or with much painstaking, by men whose pockets, from six up to eighty-six, were never without a stout English jack-knife. The side of the church devoted to the gentler and neater sex was almost as profusely decorated as that on which sat their husbands and brothers—a puzzle explained by the frequent use of the building since it became "free," for political and other secular assemblies. One of the many inscriptions penciled on the dingy whitewash of the walls must, I imagined, have been written during service. I had settled in my own mind that it was done while Mr. Watts had his eyes shut in "the long"—oh, how long!—prayer. My seat on this Sunday was, as I liked to have

it, within easy eye-range of the pessimistic doggerel. It was engrossed in a fair, clerkly hand, and ran thus:

"Some go to church to laugh and talk;
Some for a pleasant ride or walk;
Some to show the last new dress;
Some to court a Kate or Bess;
Some to meet a business friend;
Some the heavy hours to spend;
Many go to sleep and nod;—
But, ah! who goes to worship God?"

I used to fancy the cynical smile with which the writer surveyed the congregation between the lines. He must have been tall, I thought, with dark hair and lively eyes. His coat fitted him well; his hand was elegant in shape, and he wrote with a gold pencil-case like Mr. Bradley's. The whole proceeding was very wicked, as were the sacrilegious etchings on wainscot and benches. Nevertheless, I was as exceedingly glad of them as Jonah of his palm-christ (which was *not* a gourd).

This was Mr. Watts' day in course at Old Singinsville, and it was his lank ungainliness that undid one joint at a time until a lugubrious countenance, set off into gloom by straight hair and the thick-set roots of a blue-black beard, a pair of round shoulders and very long arms incased in a rusty black coat, were visible above the boxed-in desk. "We will begin the services of the Lord's Day by singing the 375th hymn," he plained, as one bewails his first-born.

"Show pity, Lord! Oh Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live!"

The words are so familiar that I deem it hardly necessary to give out the lines."

He set the tune himself—the wildly-mournful numbers I halted but yesterday beneath the windows of a "colored church" in the street of a Northern city to hear. The audience took it and the words away from him before he finished the first line, bore the melody with increasing spirit from one verse to another until the air swayed and swung with it from wall to wall. Hardy old planters—their hats on the floor between their knees, with horsewhips sticking up in them, like spoons in so many toddy-tumblers—gave it out with the blast of leathery lungs, beating time with big cow-skin boots. Their delicate-featured wives sang it with closed eyes, folded hands, and heads gently vibrative to the favorite measure. Aunt Betsey's tenor skimmed the levels of the music with an easy lobe and took the bar-leaps like a bird. Across the aisle from us the sonorous "brum-brum" of Uncle Archie's voice supplied the deeper notes that had else been wanting from the really noble harmony. From the servants' gallery in the rear of the audience-room poured over our heads a thunderous rush of song.

It took one-quarter of Brother Watts' long prayer to let my nerves and fancies down to the regulation level of sanctuary dullness. Our Mr. Burgess once informed a youthful theologian in my hearing that "the monosyllable 'ACTS' formed an excellent epitomical guide in the composition of the principal prayer offered in public worship. This should begin with Adoration, proceed to Confession, rise into Thanksgiving and close with Supplication."

After which I held to the private belief that Mr. Watts' mnemonic recipe must be a polysyllable with never a letter left out. Grown men stood or sat at their ease while he wailed from station to station of the penitential progress. Devout Presbyterian women bowed their heads upon the backs of the seats before them. Baptist sisters, sometimes—Methodists and Episcopalians always—knelt, and so did children as a rule, this being

the easiest posture for themselves and least troublesome to their guardians. I had an established fashion of settling myself, as squarely as was compatible with human anatomy, upon my knees, my elbows on the stony-hearted bench, my chin in my hollowed palms. I could keep my eyes closed for perhaps five minutes, then the lids arose as on springs and refused to shut more. Turn about I might not, any more than I might rise or wriggle; but, my scooping hands serving as blinders, I could regard whatever went on immediately behind me, as seen beneath the horizontal rails of the seat-back. It was a genuine comfort when the woman who occupied this space wore a gayly-figured gown—a cross when it was black silk, an offense if it chanced to be a sheenless bombazine. Once, when Miss Harry Macon sat in this place, she opened her hymn-book on her knee, the bottom of the page toward me, holding it so that I could easily read it. I learned two new hymns before I got up. I always liked Miss Harry after that. Usually, however, the dead numbness of the knees, the tingles and pricks of the cramped arms were a bagatelle beside the dreary vacuity of mind that overtook me about the middle of the prayer. I could not remember a period when Mr. Watts was not droning out his petitions, or forecast a time when he would cease to pray. If I aroused myself spasmodically by the reflection that what had been might be again—that I had felt just as now over and over again, yet lived to go home and eat my Sunday dinner in great peace of body and mind—the relief died soon before the “staying power” of the good man’s voice, rising and falling like an evening breeze in a pine grove, with an awful earnest of endless continuity in the monotony of its moan.

He did stop to-day, and, as heretofore, just in season to save me from dissolution, or the disgrace of “speaking out in meeting” to preserve life and reason. Then he read ten sections of the 119th Psalm, and “lined out” a second hymn. This sung, the sermon was due. Instead of announcing his text, he unclosed a wide, thin-lipped mouth to say, in the same doleful key that had given forth hymn, prayer and psalm:

“I am rejoiced” (!) “to communicate to you this morning, my dear Christian friends, the good tidings that our beloved Brother Dudley, whose name is familiar to you all and whose face is known to many, whose work in the vineyard the Master hath been pleased to bless in times past and now, is with us to-day by an enactment of Divine Providence, and will preach for us at this time. I take this occasion to give notice that I expect to preach next Sunday, God willing, at Muddy Creek; on the second Sunday in January at Red Lane, and on the third Sabbath of that month at Bethel.”

A manifest sensation fluttered his dear Christian friends at the name of the orator of the day. Glancing at Grandma’s face as she sat erect in the corner of the long bench, I fancied that a troubled wave broke up the solemn calm of her eyes. Aunt Betsey raised her eyebrows in response to Aunt Maria’s apprehensive look. The corners of Miss Virginia’s rosy mouth relaxed, and she shot a swift flash under her eyelids over the way where sat Uncle Archie and Mr. Bradley. Both young men saw the mirthful appeal, Uncle Archie meeting it with a gleam of quiet sympathy in her amusement, the other in undisguised enjoyment of the prospective discourse. As Mr. Watts had said, everybody had heard of Brother Dudley. Nowadays, he would be called a “hard-shell” and a “sensation preacher.” In that era of noted revivalists, he was considered by the more staid of even his own sect as eccentric. Some were disposed to ques-

tion the expediency of suffering him to continue his official ministrations. Once, after some unusually extravagant expressions on his part and of boisterous merriment on that of certain of his auditors, he was cited to answer before the State Association for “unbecoming levity of speech, approximating irreverence.” He received the remonstrances of his peers with humility, but protested, even with tears, that he never meant to say or do aught derogatory to the cause he presented or the sacred desk in which he stood. He spoke as he was moved by the Spirit; but they must not forget that Divinity speaking through man must take human voice and language.

“King David himself, with the Chief Musician and Asaph to lend a hand, couldn’t get the same music out of a banjo as out of his harp,” he represented in his defense; “an’ even the breath of the Lord would sound different in a French bugle from what ’twould in the ‘toot! toot! TOOT!’ of a tin dinner-horn!”

“Brother Dudley! *Brother Dudley!*” called the chairman. “You are guilty again of the very impropriety with which you stand charged!”

The rebuked man begged pardon penitently. He would endeavor prayerfully in future to avoid the error he had just proved to be so easily-besetting. He entreated the brethren to be patient with him—above all, not to deprive him of the glorious privilege of preaching the Gospel. His meat and drink was to do the will of Him that sent him; his thought, hope, prayer that he might be the means of warning his fellows, his kinsmen according to the flesh, to flee from the wrath to come. He told how hard he worked, how poorly he lived, how many miles he rode every year, how many sermons he had preached, how wistfully he sought out ways and wiles by which to win souls. Hard labor and coarse fare, poverty and contempt he accounted as nothing. If he *had* any goods, he would take joyfully their spoiling if so be he might secure for others treasure in Heaven. He wound up in perfectly good faith in this wise:

“I don’t pick fine words, nor stop to parse sentences. So long’s they hold together, I let ’em fly, knowin’ thar’s j’intins in every harness that the Lord knows about, ef I don’t. Throwin’ stones out o’ the brook is my business—guidin’ ’em to Goliath’s skull is the Lord’s. I ain’t always as particular maybe as I oughter be to see that they’re smooth an’ to wipe off the mud from them on my coat-sleeve, ’specially when the Philistine is comin’ for me full tilt, an’ Israel is a turnin’ their backs to the enemy. But, bless your soul, honey, whar’s the odds, so long’s I make the devil run like smoke? I’d preach corn-stalk-fiddle-an’-shoe-string-bow ef that kind o’ lingo would save sinners!”

The chorus of a popular husking (“shucking” in Virginia) song began with “A corn-stalk fiddle and a shoe-string bow,” and every grave divine there could have whistled it. Brother Dudley was admonished to be wary of speech, yet assured that he retained the confidence and respect of his brethren, and dismissed after a prayer from the most dignified member of the body that he might be long spared to the world and the church.

He was a man of medium height, well knit together. His hair was iron-gray, and bristled up, stiff as wires, over shrewd eyebrows. His eyes were full and keen, his expression quietly benevolent until he began to speak. His cravat was loosely tied, and he had a trick of tugging at it when excited in declamation as if it oppressed his breathing. Other men wore black satin or silk stocks, and finical people objected that this wisp of

a 'kerchief about his throat gave him an affectedly rakish air unbecoming his office. His coat was baggy and the sleeves too short, having evidently been made, and probably worn, by a fatter man who was not so tall as the present owner. His voice was powerful and somewhat harsh in the upper register. The lower tones were extremely sweet and flexible.

He began the performances on this occasion by dragging the Bible from the sloping wooden shelf that was the pulpit desk, and handing it to Mr. Watts, who was sitting behind him—a significant clearance of decks for action.

"In the first book of the Bible," was the exordium, "written as I've understood by Moses, pretty well on towards the middle of the book an' a leetle furdur along than the middle of a chapter, you'll find these words—when you go home an' look for 'em :

"*The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.*"

"I'm not goin' to tell you the name o' the book, nor the number of chapter an' verse. I mean you shall do that much s'archin' the Scriptures for yourselves. I'm mighty afraid some o' you will blow off dust from the led's o' your Bibles that will rise up a cloud o' condemnation ag'inst you on the las' day—a thick dust that won't let you see the face o' Him that sitteth on the throne. A neglected Bible is dumb enough now. It lies as still as a roach in the bottom of a mill-pond just whar you laid it down the las' time you were in trouble—the night your wife died, or your boy had the croup, or maybe when the sun shone so blue las' summer. You've piled other books on it an' it never groaned nor stirred—not so much as to rustle the *Whig* nor the *Enquirer*, nor the almanac that lays atop of all—the things you do read an' take an int'rest in.

"The fifth prophet before the New Testament tells us of a time when the stone shall cry out o' the wall, an' the beam out o' the timber shall answer it. But that outcry will be like the singin' of a black gnat in your ear compared with the awful shout that will go up from a fam'ly Bible that's never looked into except when somebody's born or married or dead, or almost skeered out o' his senses.

"My text is *thar*, whether you look for it or not !

"The sun had risen upon the earth." And what o' that ? If thar's one thing more certain than death an' sin an' sorrow in this world it is that the sun's a-goin' to rise in the mornin'. I'll bet my head 'most all o' you say more'n once every week o' your lives, 'Sure's the sun will rise to-morrow.' As if you'd bespoke it an' paid your cash down to the showman ! Like's not 'twas just as pat a saying in Sodom. 'I'll pay you that debt sure's the sun rises to-morrow mornin',' says one the night befo' that day o' burnin' an' brimstone an' gnawin' o' tongues for pain, when the wicked cities were wiped clean off the face o' the globe like you'd take a drop o' tar off the hub of a wheel with a greasy rag—wiped off and throwed away for all time.

"I love you, sure's the sun'll rise an' set to-morrow," says another, lookin' into his sweetheart's blue eyes. An' another shakes his fist in his enemy's face an' says, 'I'll be even with you for this certain as the sun'll rise to-morrow !'

"Well, the sun is up ! He's cleared the tops o' the pine trees on the mountains over yonder, an' a-shinin' hot an' bright 'cross the plain, on streets full o' folks, marryin' an' givin' in marriage, an' buyin' an' sellin' an' eatin' an' drinkin'. On the rascally gang that was hullabaloo'in' under Lot's winders las' night. On Lot's sons-in-law, a-splittin' their sides a-laughin' at the

'ole man's new maggot in the brain,' arter they'd seen him an' his wife an' two single daughters a-runnin' out o' the gates, lickety-split for the mountain, skeered for nothin' ! An' not one o' the thousan's o' sinners seen death hangin' over his head in that black cloud a-rollin' up in the west, spittin' out lightnin's an' roarin' with the blast of hell ! They took life, an' meant to take eternity, as easy as you do who come here to-day in your cushioned carriages or on your slick horses, sayin' how lucky it was the weather had changed so 's to give you a pleasant Sunday, an' how much store you set by the fourth Sunday at Old Singinsville, for everybody and his wife is sure to be there for you to see.

"They didn't see destruction, but it overtook them ! Not one head will be lifted out o' the Dead Sea on the evenin' o' the day they met so gayly—the sea that's nothin' but a pot o' pitch, hot with the wrath of the Almighty—to look the red sun in the face and say, 'I'll forsake the works o' darkness an' turn with my whole heart to the Lord, sure as that sun will rise to-morrow !' Charred corpses cannot repent ; ears stopped with b'illin' slime couldn't hear if the Lord of Life was standin' on the edge of the smokin' pit Abraham saw a-steam'in' up to Heaven, miles an' miles off, an' callin', 'Look unto Me and be saved !'

"O thou long-sufferin' an' pitiful Saviour ! who would not that any should die, but that all should come to Thee for salvation ! Is it then true that thar is a limit to the day of mercy ? The grave cannot praise Thee ; death cannot celebrate Thee ; they that go down to the pit cannot hope for Thy truth !

"That risin' sun saw Somethin' in the middle o' the plain that war'n't thar when he went down las' night. Somethin' white as the drifted snow, that yet war'n't soft, nor pure, nor cold. Somethin' hard an' shiny as marble, that no builder would tech with hammer nor chisel ef thar war'n't another rock in a thousan' miles. For it was a woman ten minutes ago. A woman that loved her husband an' children, or she wouldn't 'a' come out o' Sodom even at the angels' order ; a woman that run well for a while an' then—*looked back* ! That was her sin. It must 'a' been a great sin, or it wouldn't 'a' been so terribly punished, for the Lord always leans to the side o' mercy. Thar were plenty o' reasons why she mought 'a' looked over her shoulder to the losin' of her soul—women's reasons, every one of 'em ! She'd left a heap of things in that town that women think valuable. Her furniture an' fine clothes—her *Sunday bonnet*—an' neighbors an' married daughters. She mought easily have reasoned it out to herself arter she got her breath an' wits together, that 'twas unjust an' cruel to yank her out o' her home so sudden befo' she could so much as pick up her key-basket. Maybe she had gran'children, with their innercent, coixin' ways, as dear to her as that sweet little thing" (pointing to a child in the front seat that had fallen asleep on her mother's lap) "is to you, my sister. As beautiful in in her sight as the crowin', kickin' youngster you kissed in his cradle befo' you come to the house o' God this mornin', my dear madam !

"Maybe, ag'in, Lot's wife wanted to see ef the jedgment had fallen yet upon the roofs an' chimneys she knew so well—ef her house *was* burnt with fire an' all her pleasant places laid waste. P'raps—onct mo'—she didn't half believe what the angels had tole her, an' hadn't so much respec' for her husband's opinion as to take his word ag'inst her sons-in-law's. I've seen sech women—yes ! an' more men who didn't order their households so well as to entitle them to duty and obedience. Guessin' an' sposin' an' wonderin' are idle

words now when she's been a pillar o' salt for thousands o' years. It's enough for us to know the solemn lesson that she flew—a poor, silly, mealy-winged moth—in the face o' the Lord an'—suffered accordin'ly!

"An' whar, let me arsk in the nex' place, was Lot all this time? Lot—the one righteous man who mought 'a' saved even guilty Sodom ef Abraham had stood to his guns a minute longer an' not taken too much for granted? Lot—that had sot on the knees of his uncle, the Friend o' God, hundreds o' times at family prayers?

Lot—that Abraham had fought (with only one hundred an' eighteen nigger servants!) four kings for, an' brought back safe an' sound with all his goods? Lot—that had seen Melchizedech, a greater than Abraham, an' heard his blessin'—even the blessin' of him who, Paul says, was 'Priest o' the Most High God, King of Righteousness, and after that, King of Salem, which is King of Peace'?"

At this moment an extraordinary interruption occurred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER X.

THE Professor had been gone a parson's week. For the same period of time Mrs. Forth has been testing the genuineness of her appetite for solitude; nor finding it fail beneath the experiment. Perhaps it is the extreme clearness of her conscience that upholds her; for do we not all know, either by its possession or its lack, that there is no cheerfuller companion than a clear conscience? nothing that gives such a zest to appetite, or such a point to occupation? And can any one be in fuller possession of this innocent luxury than Belinda? Has she not craved with meek persistency leave to share her husband's travels? and, reluctantly compelled to abandon this hope, has she not provided, with wifely care, for every possible need that may assail him on that sanitary excursion, for whose loneliness none can blame her?

Did she forget his Etna? or his eider-down? or his air-cushion? Did she, as many a spouse though otherwise meritorious might easily have done, omit his tin of digestive biscuits? Was there lacking from his kit at his departure one of his heart drops, liver pills, spleen boluses?

What but the consciousness of a duty performed both generously and minutely could enable her to wave her hand at the fly-window with so collected a friendliness; smile such a serene "*Bon voyage*" to the jewel of which that fly is the casket? To assume an inconsolable grief would be absurd, and would take him in even less than herself; but there is no hypocrisy in crying, "A good journey to you!"

As she returns up the graveled drive, she stoops to pick up a small stone. How brightly it shines!

"Is it a strayed agate or beryl?"

"Pooh!" (throwing it down again) "it is only a pebble; it is only the late shower and the present sun that have turned it into a temporary gem."

But the same rich metamorphosis seems to have taken place in the case of every object upon which her eye alights. Did ever bountiful rose-tree show such a wealth of come flowers and coming buds as the "Captain Christy" against the study wall? Was ever little Phillistine drawing-room so rich in gold motes lustily astride on the sunbeams? Even the very dogs, the well-known dogs, seem to wear an air of better breed-

ing; manners of higher finish; tails of more watch-spring curl than on any previous morning. Even the parrot's profanities—in point of fact, very common-places of blasphemy, uttered with an Oxbridge accent—have won a raciness never before theirs.

She wanders from room to room, as it were taking possession. Are they not all her own, her very own now? Even without the explanation to that effect, which in pure wantonness of spirits she has vouchsafed separately to Punch and Pug, they seem to understand that they are now at liberty to rumple the chair-covers, clatter down the fire-irons, oppress the cats as freely as their soul listeth; that there are no longer any nerves in the house, any dyspepsia, any learning. Nor does the passage of the hours and days bring with it any sensible alteration in this mood, of either hers or theirs.

Daily she sees the piled vehicles rolling past to the station; carrying her fellow-townsmen away to their holiday; stampedes of whole large small families to the seaside (the new Oxbridge swarms and perambulates and crawls with little children, all apparently of the same age to a day); hardy young couples winging bold flights to the North Cape, or more modest Dolomites. She wishes them all a happy time and safe return; but not a twinge of envy goes with one of them.

Home is good enough for her; England far enough; Oxbridge fair enough. Even Sarah's parting words, at first so rankling with poisonous sting, grow gradually powerless to hurt. She begins to think of them at first with indignation, next with indifference, and at last even with a lofty kind of compassionate forgiveness.

"It is the speakers of such calumnious utterances," she says to herself without conscious sophistry, "not those to whom they are addressed, whom they injure."

She lets her mind run with complacency round the circle of her accurately fulfilled duties. Is there one in a thousand who, considering the nature of those duties, would fulfill them as accurately? Has she not, in addition to the tasks imposed upon her for fulfillment during his absence by her husband, voluntarily undertaken to make a new catalogue of his library, as a wifely surprise for him upon his return? Does she scamp by one moment the time of her visits to his mother? Has she not rather enlarged them by nearly a daily hour? Is not the nurse ready to kiss her-feet for her considera-

tion and unselfish sharing of that nurse's burden? Does her patience ever for an instant fail under the old lady's senseless catechisms? Can anything surpass the painstaking discretion with which she conducts the Professor's correspondence, left behind him in her charge? or the respectful punctuality and amplitude of her own letters to him? Nor is her self-satisfaction less, when she considers her pleasures. Might not every member of the University, every inhabitant of the world, if he saw fit, have leave to pry into each moment of her leisure as of her occupations?

The happy gardenings—weeding the border, with the dogs yawning their hearts out beside her, in affectionate endurance of a pastime they are so far from participating. Dogs hate gardening; they see no sense in it. Of what use, pray, to dig a hole when you have no bone to bury in it? The long country walks to the elm-shaded rural villages, and through the late June fields, where man has sown his corn and God has thrown in His poppies; the return home, poppy-laden, to make the house one scarlet bower, though it is embellished for only her own eye.

Never has that eye seemed so open to see. Never has her ear seemed to be laid so close to the heart of the mighty mother, to hear its beatings. Never till this year had she learned all the music that lies even in the trumpeting gnat and the booming evening chafers. Never had she grown into such familiar friendship with the woodland birds. All her life, of course, she has known that the thrush's song is sweet, and the lark's exulting; but not till now—so unobservant are we—has she learned surely the songs of the lesser minnesingers—the minor stars of the great concert. But this summer, by right perhaps of her harmlessness and her solitude, she has stolen into their intimacy. She recognizes them lovingly, not only when they sing, but when they converse among themselves. She knows the tomtit's table-talk—like the grating of a tiny saw; the chaffinch's—all: she grows discriminately cunning in all their little speech.

The dogs enjoy themselves too in their way, though they think that the flowers smell ill; and that the birds' noise is ugly and foolish, not to be named in the same breath with the poignant love-songs of the nightly cats. Pug, indeed, has suffered one of those disappointments, from which not dogs any more than men are exempt. For four-and-twenty hours Punch has been lost; and from the more than resignation evidenced by her during his absence, and the acute depression coincident with his restoration, it is but too clear that she had hoped his disappearance was a permanent one.

June nears her perfumed close. The second Sunday of Mrs. Forth's loneliness has come round. The first was marked by no special incident. Belinda had not expected that it would be. But indeed, not even to herself does she allow that she anticipates anything for any Sunday. But yet, on this second Sunday, she rises with such a feeling of irrepressible blithe excitement, that she must needs casuistically explain it to herself. The air is so good. The smell of the hay comes now into the middle of the town; into street and marketplace; how much more hither, where she is in the enjoyment of a sort of suburban pseudo-country. She has ever been fond of Sunday. It is always a favorite day with her; much more so in this Sunday city of innumerable church-bells.

She dresses with a resolute abstaining from adding a single adornment, or making any change, however slight, in her usual Sunday toilet. To do so would be

to allow that she had some reason for the alteration. Perhaps, with this motive mingles an unconfessed superstition that to presuppose a pleasure by preparation for it, is the surest way to rob yourself of its fruition.

She reads the Lessons for the day to her mother-in-law, with as reverent a distinctness as if the poor old lady could follow them, or were even aware of the nature of the attention. It is a proceeding of whose judiciousness she herself has no great opinion; but it is one of the tasks imposed upon her by her husband, and which she would by no means intermit. When they are ended, having told her the news of her husband's death, which she receives with her usual pleased surprise, Belinda goes lightly away to put on her bonnet for church.

As she walks along, her memory grows suddenly occupied with the recollection of that other solitary walk to church at Folkestone; of the griding cold; the ice-bound earth; the misery of her yet more ice-bound heart; of the wretched prisoned starling to which she had likened herself. Not greater is earth's change than that which is wrought within herself. But for her change, what reason is there? Has the starling then escaped? The question flashes upon her with an uneasy start, but is instantly silenced again.

The service is one of those brief and modernized ones, that make us marvel at the patience of our earlier days; yet to Belinda it seems long. Whether sweetly singing, devoutly kneeling, or attentively listening, she has no peace from the buzzing thought—never allowed, never looked in the face—but always returning, gnat-like: "When will it be? Where will it be? How long will it last?" It does not leave her at the church-door, but buzzes and teases all along the sunshiny road. It will buzz and tease until it gets its answer. Well, let it! For is not that answer now given?

At the turn of the road, close at home, free from the stream of church-goers, which has flowed in other directions, with no more witness than a milkman swinging unconcernedly along beneath his yoke, there it will be—there it is! Has not every moment since their parting been but a leading up to and preparation for this moment? And yet, at the sight of him she starts, as if it were a surprise, which indeed she still feigns to herself that it is.

"You here?" she says in a voice of airy astonishment, that would be admirably natural did it not quiver, and were it not a little overdone. "Have you fallen from the clouds?"

His answer is not over-ready. He has not yet got over the stupefaction that the first sight of her, after an interval, always brings upon him—a stupefaction, such as, they say, the sight of the sea, of Niagara, of any overwhelmingly great and noble natural object produces in him who looks upon it for the first time. How much more beautiful she is than he had remembered her! how pious she looks! how chaste! Probably other women before now have carried large prayer-books, and "Ancient and Modern Hymn-books" in their left hand, home from church; but it seems to him to be a wondrous feat of grace and holiness, performed for the first and only time in the world's history. At last:

"Are you surprised?" he asks, still feeling rather dizzy; "if you remember—"

"I am afraid that you will find all your friends gone down," she interrupts precipitately.

"Shall I?" he answers with an indifference that he makes no attempt to conceal; "probably, no doubt."

Is it her large prayer-book that is making her so unapproachable?

"Have you come from Yorkshire?" she asks quickly,

not allowing a moment of silence to intervene, with the uneasy idea, probably, of keeping the conversation in the polite and distant society key in which she has elected to pitch it.

"Yes."

"Did you not find it very dusty traveling?" walking fast, and looking straight before her.

"I came by a night-train."

"Do you like night-traveling? I do not; but then I can't sleep. Perhaps you can sleep?"

"I did not sleep!"

There is a tinge of reproach in the manner in which he pronounces the last words. What has happened to her? Is it to hear these cold platitudes that he has been rushing towards her all through the night, chiding the iron wheels for being slow—that he has spent his holiday, and foregone his rest? *Sleep!* With this *to-day*—this *now* ahead of him! Is it likely that he should sleep?

They have reached her gate, and there paused. She does not ask him to accompany her in, nor does she make him any hospitable offer whatever. But that he has neither expected nor wished—would have declined on the unlikely hypothesis of her offering it. He has no desire to taste of Professor Forth's salt. There is something that tells him that her pause before dismissing him will be only a momentary one; and that if he does not utilize this very present instant, she will be gone, and he may return to Milnthorpe, whence he came, at his leisure.

"You will enjoy the country air after your Milnthorpe smoke?" she says, her hand upon the latch, and with what she knows to be a valedictory smile.

"What do you do on Sunday afternoons?" he asks precipitately; "do you do anything?"

"*Do anything!*" she repeats demurringly; "what do you mean?"

"Do you go to church again?" very hurriedly, and doubling up his hands in his pockets to hinder their yielding to their almost ungovernable impulse to stretch themselves out, and—with her will, or against her will—there detain her.

She casts a furtive glance towards the house—a glance that makes in him the fear of her flight, and the impulse to check it, yet more nearly beyond his governance.

"No—o," she says slowly; "not often."

"What do you do then? Do you ever take a walk?"

He has his eye upon her. Would it be quite inadmissible, if she shows symptoms of leaving him unanswered, to lay one hand quite quietly, so that she should be scarcely conscious of it, upon her arm? There is a full minute—sixty seconds well rung—before she answers.

"Sometimes, as it happens, if it does not rain—if I feel inclined."

"And—and—have you any—any specially favorite walk?"

Again she looks toward the house behind whose closed doors the dogs are plainly heard, telling her that they know she has come back from church, and asking her why she is dawdling.

"No; none!" she says, lifting the latch. "Of course," her words coming with a sort of shamefaced hurry, "I like the College gardens—everybody must like the College gardens; but," with a sudden remorse at this concession, "I very often do not go there, because of the dogs; one may not take the dogs into them."

She has opened the gate, and is passing through it. He has only half a minute left.

"Which is your favorite? Which do you like best?" he cries desperately after her.

"I have not any favorite. I do not know; I like them all."

She has taken out her latch-key, and is putting it into the lock.

"That means that you are determined not to tell me," he says, with a tremor of passionate disappointment in his voice; and so, taking off his hat, turns on his heel. But as he walks slowly down the road, telling his own heart that he has befooled himself—never would he allow that his high lady could befool him—a sort of whisper seems to travel to his ears, "Some people like St. Bridget's best!"

Belinda lunches, as usual, alone. The one prime and perhaps sole advantage of solitary feeding is, that you need not eat more than you feel inclined; that if from any cause your appetite has left you, there is no one to make comments on that fact. If, in addition, you have two pet gluttons on their hind-legs supporting you throughout your repast on either side, and drawing five sharp nails along the back of your hand if you do not seem to be attending to them, not even to the servant need your condition of un-hunger be ever revealed.

Punch and Pug have never yet understood why, on that June Sunday, they were feasted so royally on ribs of roast beef.

From the luncheon-table Belinda passes, according to the usual routine of her duties, to her mother-in-law's room, for her daily two hours. As it turns out, they are more than two; for the nurse relying upon her employer's usual good-natured laxity, outstays her furlough by fully twenty minutes, and returns to find young Mrs. Forth, for the first time, unsmiling and impatient of the delay. And yet, when released, she seems undecided as to the disposition of her time.

The dogs are staring at her—one sitting, one standing—as if they knew that their fate was hanging in the balance. Can any one resist such a litany of goggles as their eyes are uttering? It would be a crying shame to disappoint them. She will forego the trim leisure of the College gardens and take them to the Fields—a public promenade where dogs are admitted, and where perambulators push and Sunday shop-boys jostle. But she does not call them or tell them so. After all, it is a pity to spoil them, and to let them take it for granted that they are to accompany her wherever she goes. On the whole, it is wiser not to hamper herself with them. She will make no fixed plan as to the direction of her walk; but will simply follow where whim or chance may lead. And whim and chance, after a little preliminary shamming, gone through to impose upon herself, lead her to St. Bridget's Gardens.

An interlacing of elm-arms overhead; a thick bed of periwinkle below; on the left a little classic river, and an unexpected park with smoky deer; on the right the sacred College meadow, where never vulgar foot may fall, save of the haymakers, who have but lately built the grass and flowers into a scented stack. Above, below, around, tranquillity and solitude. For, loveliest of the College walks as is St. Bridget's, it is, strange to say, also the least frequented. Thither the accursed perambulator cannot come; and thither the holiday clerk and milliner come not. It is all, or nearly all, her own. Each Sunday, as the town empties, it will grow more and more her own.

Over the patterned walk, where tree and sun have laid their chequers as a carpet for her feet, she marches leisurely. She has not hurried upon any other Sunday;

therefore she will not hurry to-day. No one can or shall be able to say that she has departed one jot from her accustomed habits.

She is making for her usual seat—the one that ordinarily no one disputes with her. But to-day, as it comes into view, she perceives that it is already occupied. The occupant must be a friend too, since, on catching sight of her, he comes hasting—young and most glad—to meet her. Ah—h! it is not a question of the Grosse Garten over again. *To-day* she is not first. Not that there is any parallel between the cases. Not that any one can call *this* a rendezvous. He does not think it necessary to offer any apology for, or explanation of, his appearance, and passes over, with a silent lenity, her little futile and ill-done expression of surprise.

"So we meet here again!"

"Shall we sit down?" he says, pointing to the bench whence he has just risen.

For an instant she hesitates, then—

"Yes, I do not mind," she says irresolutely. "I do not know why I should not; I sit here every Sunday."

Is there in this any slightest departure from use or custom? He seats himself beside, yet not near her; for he sees her frightened eye jealously measuring the interval between them; to be sure that it is wide enough. How still it is! Neither human voice nor metal heard from the city. Every one must be in church. Is this really happening? Perhaps if he speak, if he make her speak, it will grow more real.

"So you are all alone here?"

"I have the dogs."

"But besides the dogs, no one? not your sister?"

"Did you think that she would be here? did you expect to find her here?" asks Mrs. Forth quickly, while a storm of color sweeps across her face.

He has no slightest clue to the origin of that red tempest; he only knows that it has trebled her beauty. Did God ever before create such a wonder of loveliness as she?

"I—I do not know," he answers inattentively, a sin toward her of which he is seldom guilty; "I—I do not think I thought about it."

Wide of the mark, as we usually are in our judgments of those who have either too much or too little interest for us, she attributes his verbal unreadiness to a cause far removed enough from the real one.

"Sarah offered to stay with me," she says in an ungenial voice, sitting very upright, and looking rigidly before her; "but I could not be so selfish as to accept such a sacrifice from her. I could not condemn any one to a life of such unredeemed dullness as mine now is."

There is an acrimony in her tone that he knows not how to account for; but he does not interrupt her. As long as she will speak, he is ever most gladly silent. Why should the air be disturbed by his coarse and common voice, when it may be enriched by the music of hers?

"It is by no fault of my own that I am left alone here," continues she, with some sharpness; "I wished to go to Switzerland with Mr. Forth. I asked him to take me."

"And he refused?" with an accent of the profoundest incredulity.

To be asked by this woman for leave to bestow her company upon you, and to refuse her! And how did she ask? With her arms about his neck? With tears and kisses? He writhes.

"It was not convenient," she answers formally; "he was unable to make it fit in with his plans."

The young man's heart burns within him, with a fire of envious indignation too hot to find vent in words. And yet perhaps a little of it may pierce through his next speech.

"He could not make it convenient to take you; and he could not make it convenient to stay with you; and so here you are, alone and dull."

There is something in his tone—an irony that has the heat of wrath—that rouses again her half-smouldering alarms.

"I am alone," she answers quickly, "but I am not dull; I never was less dull in my life; the days are not half long enough for me."

"And yet you said—" objects he, bewildered by the staring discrepancy of the statements which have followed so close upon each other's heels.

"What does it matter what I said?" interrupts she, with a brusque, nervous laugh. "If I may not contradict myself, whom may I?"

An elderly couple—two of St. Bridget's rare votaries—have appeared upon the long, straight alley dominated by their bench; an alley named after the short-faced humorist who loved to pace it. Belinda is glad. She wishes that more couples would come into sight. It is far more sociable.

As they pass, she involuntarily raises her voice in speaking. She is saying nothing that she minds either them or any one else hearing. What a comfort it is to have nothing to conceal from the whole world!

As the hours slip by, this happy and confident complacency deepens. But how fast they slip away! She cannot affect to be ignorant of their passage, since from the Cardinal's high tower, rising above the trees, the deep-mouthed bells tell the death of each little quarter. How closely they tread upon each other's heels! How many of them have broken the Sabbath stillness of the mead? She ventures not to ask nor think. But why does she not venture? It is the same as upon other Sundays, for she always stays late. It is with a start that at length—seven solemn strokes having beaten the air—she rises to be gone.

"It is seven o'clock!" she says hurriedly. "We must go, or we shall be shut in!"

Shut in in this green inclosure, with the stars for night-lamps and this woman for a fellow-prisoner! How dare she make such a suggestion! It is several minutes before he can fight down the frantic tumult in his heart that her words have raised enough to say with sufficient composure:

"If you come here *every* Sunday, I suppose that you will be here next Sunday."

"But *you* will not!" she cries vehemently, stopping—they are walking slowly homeward—and facing him.

"You forbid me?" he says in a low voice. He cannot rid himself of that vision of the star-canopied meadow.

"I forbid you!" she answers excitedly; "yes—yes—yes! at least," recollecting herself, "of course you are your own master; I have no authority over you; but if I might be allowed to advise, I should say," laughing agitatedly, "that it would be a most unnecessary expense—like my journey to Switzerland. It is ill manners to remind you—but you know you are poor, until the patent is taken out," smiling feverishly. "I must not allow you to make ducks and drakes of your money."

"The Sunday after?"

Her answer is long a coming; for indeed it is preceded by an eager dialogue within herself, that takes time.

If she prohibit it, so docile is he to her least word or sign, that she knows he will acquiesce; and she will sit upon her bench and hear the quarters chime, and see the tall tower rise, alone. Even when her reply does come, it is a mere evasion.

There is no need to give a direct answer. It is one of

those questions which it is better taste to leave unanswered.

"The Sunday after next?" she says with a flighty laugh. "We may be all dead by then; it is too far off for me to trouble my head about it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEA-SICKNESS.

OF the many thousands of our people who, on the approach of summer, throng the decks of the Atlantic steamships, how few are the fortunate ones who on the second or third day out wear the holiday air of gayety and buoyancy with which they fluttered their scented handkerchiefs as the noble vessel sheered off from the pier, and parted them from the many friends standing there. A journey from New York or Philadelphia to San Francisco has at least this advantage in the midst of its obvious discomforts, that the traveler's stomach is not only able to maintain its equilibrium, but even incited to perform its ordinary functions with added vigor. But the treacherous blue sea is ever infested by its demon of "mal de mer," and the wretch who falls under his influence finds life itself a dreary burden. Of all Pandora's dire gifts to man perhaps the most trying, if not the most fatal, are the maladies of toothache and sea-sickness; which, in their most excruciating phases, have this in common, that they seldom excite much sympathy on the part of the happy exempt. Which of the two inflictions is the more execrable it might be difficult to determine; even the poet Burns, who, in a characteristic ode, dubbed the former "the hell o' a' diseases," might have halted in his judgment had he ever taken his long-contemplated voyage to the West Indies.

Three people out of every four, it is calculated, have only to go to sea in moderately rough weather in order to experience the horrors of sea-sickness. The sufferings of its victims need not be dilated upon; their intensity is sufficiently vouched for by such instances as that of Cicero, who, when he took refuge on board a vessel after his proscription, suffered so much from sea-sickness that, preferring the fate that awaited him on shore, he landed at Gaeta, and there suffered decapitation. The question as to whether life is worth living is generally answered in the negative by the sea-sick—a sentiment which was neatly expressed by the Irishman who told his friend that at first he was afraid the ship would go down, but that afterward he feared she wouldn't. If farther proof were required of the horrors of this malady it is assuredly to be found in the fact that so many Englishmen are prepared to see a breach made in Britain's sea-wall if only they can thereby be spared the sickening experience of the channel passage. The disease is growing with the rapid increase of ocean traveling, and we Americans, who are the greatest travelers of all, have been giving the subject considerable attention of late. Sea-sickness has been for some time a popular topic in the metropolis, and the chief medical authorities have been exhaustively interviewed on the question of its prevention.

Something, however, must first be said as to its cause.

It is no doubt due primarily to the motion of the vessel, and especially to the bow-and-stern movement known as pitching. That it is simply a motion-sickness is proven by the fact that many susceptible people have it on land. We have known ladies get "sea-sick" over the swaying motion of an omnibus on a nilly road; and the oscillation of a swing, or even of a passenger elevator in a hotel, has with some people a similar effect. Just how the pitching and rolling of a ship acts on the human frame so as to produce the physical and mental prostration of sea-sickness has been, and still is, a matter of dispute. A theory recently started by Dr. Irwin, an English physician, attributes it to disturbance of the fluids in the semicircular canals of the ear. The otoliths, he avers, are washed out by each movement of this fluid, and the cilie and terminal nerve filaments are thus irritated and abused. It is generally recognized that irritation of any kind in these canals produces nausea and vomiting—the usual concomitants of sea-sickness; it is to be remembered, however, that similar effects may arise from very diverse causes. Dr. Chapman, on the other hand, sees the main proximate cause of this disorder in the presence of an undue amount of blood in the spinal nervous centres, which renders the nerves proceeding from them unduly active, with the result of disturbing the action of the organs—especially the stomach—whose movements they regulate. In favor of this theory is the fact that, reduced to practice, it has been found efficient in the prevention of sea-sickness. The cause being, according to this theory, an undue amount of blood in the nervous centres along the back, Dr. Chapman seeks to lessen this amount by the application of ice, and the consequent lowering of the temperature of the spinal region. The testimony as to the efficacy of ice-bags placed along the spine is too strong to be gainsaid, but the trouble necessarily attending their application is such as to prevent the ice-cure from becoming popular in short sea voyages.

Dr. Carpenter is inclined to attribute sea-sickness to the continued action on the brain of a certain set of sensations, more particularly the sensation of the want of support. Nothing is more disagreeable than the feeling consequent on the sudden giving way of a prop on which one is leaning, and the constant repetition of this sensation every time the vessel makes its downward movement, is supposed to produce that nervous derangement which manifests itself in sea-sickness. On this theory of the malady being due to certain sensory impressions, the obvious method of prevention would lie in weakening these impressions as much as possible. How this may be done was shown lately by Dr. Ellis in the *Lancet*, who states that he found a complete remedy in carefully attending to the motion of the vessel, and

accompanying—in his mind even—by a slight stooping or pressing downward of the body the sinking down of the vessel's deck. Another medical correspondent states that he found relief by watching the motion of the vessel, and, as she was about to descend, making an effort as though to force her down. What may thus be effected by conscious effort on the part of the passenger becomes habitual with the sailor, whose body follows the movements of the vessel unconsciously, and in whom the habit becomes so strong that a return to *terra firma* produces at first a marked unsteadiness in his gait. There are seamen, however, who never become good "sailors," some being liable to severe nausea during the first few days of every voyage, and others during exceptionally rough weather. England's greatest admiral, Lord Nelson, is said to have been one of those who never got habituated to the "thud" of the sea. That the sailor's usual immunity from sea-sickness is due to an acquired faculty of following the movements of the vessel, is farther shown by the fact that a marked change in the character of those movements is apt to cause sea-sickness in the most experienced mariners. Thus it is well known that old sailors, after a long voyage in the Pacific Ocean, where the seas are large and regular, sometimes become sea-sick when crossing such narrows as the English Channel, where the waves, being short and choppy, produce an entirely different set of movements.

Few landmen, however, have the necessary opportunities for the acquirement of "sea legs," and the victims of *mal de mer*, whose voyages are mainly confined to crossing or ascending our rivers, or cruising along our coasts, will be wise in making as little use as possible of their nether limbs. All writers are agreed in recommending the horizontal position, and that as nearly as possible in the centre of the ship, as a means of diminishing the tendency to sea-sickness. Certain it is that there is no surer way of precipitating an attack than by planting one's self in an upright position at either end of the ship with one's back to the bows.

Another practical rule, said by a writer in the *Lancet* to be by far the most hopeful remedy we possess, is that of the application of a tight belt round the lower part of the abdomen, the rationale of the treatment being that it helps to mitigate the shocks to which, in a rough sea, the nervous system is subjected. Another method of dealing with the malady, and one which is growing in popularity, especially in this country, consists in the use of bromides, which renders the system less susceptible to the disturbances caused by the ship's movements. The late Dr. George Beard, of New York, who had earned a distinguished reputation as a physiologist, when interviewed on this question, shortly before his death, stated that sea-sickness was perfectly curable, the remedy being bromide of sodium, taken three times a day a few days before embarking, and kept up at sea till the danger is past. Bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral are also employed for the same purpose, while nitrite of amyl—"three drops inhaled from a handkerchief held close to the nose, the patient being in bed"—is the latest addition to this class of remedies. Their use, however, unless under medical advice, is not unattended with danger; and in a recent communication to an American medical journal, a writer remarks: "The use of bromides for this purpose is increasing daily, and I must say that I cannot but condemn the practice of using them so indiscriminately and in such large quantities as has been lately recommended."

Sea-sickness being undoubtedly due in the first instance to mechanical causes, it is not surprising that

mechanical science should have been drawn upon for a cure. Attempts have been made by means of swinging cots or berths to neutralize the ship's motion, but without success. The most serious endeavor in this direction, however, was that made a few years ago by Sir Henry Bessemer, whose attention was drawn to the subject owing to an attack of sea-sickness which he had while crossing the English Channel, and which nearly ended fatally. In the "Bessemer" saloon steamer the engines, which usually occupy the central—that is, the most stable—portion of the vessel, were relegated to either end, and the centre utilized as a passenger saloon, the floor of which, being movable, was kept horizontal by means of hydraulic cylinders and pistons used at opposite ends of the floor. In the twin-ship, *Castalia*, an attempt was made, after a totally different fashion, to effect a like result, but in neither case was the object sufficiently attained to save them from failure.

Liability to sea-sickness is almost universal, for even those who usually enjoy immunity are apt to succumb during exceptionally severe weather. Nor is it confined to man; horses, dogs, sheep and elephants have been seen to suffer from it. Infants and aged people, happily, are for the most part exempt; while among those liable to it its attacks make themselves felt in very different degrees, from a slight feeling of nausea, which passes off in a day or two, to a sickness which has been known to confine passengers (ladies) to their cabins during the entire voyage to India or China. Usually, however, ocean travelers get habituated to the motion of the vessel, and so get rid of their sickness after three or four days. Those who suffer least, according to Dr. Althaus, are people with a strong heart and a slow pulse, while quick-pulsed, irritable people are the greatest martyrs to it. On this theory he explains the fact that French and Italians suffer most from *mal de mer*, Germans less, and the English least of all. The greater immunity of the British islanders, however, might be attributed in part to the large infusion of the seafaring element in the population, and the consequent influence of heredity in the evolution of "sea-legs."

The imagination has, no doubt, some influence in promoting sea-sickness, the sight of the malady in others having a decided tendency to induce it in cases where resolute determination seemed in a fair way of warding off the attack. Attention to diet before going on board—an empty stomach being one of the things to be avoided—with proper care in the selection of a position when on board, and a resolute determination to resist the enemy, may do much to minimize the evil of sea-sickness. It is not uncommon for those who suffer from it to comfort themselves with the thought that, severe though it be, yet, like nauseous medicine, its after effects are good. This is undoubtedly an error, no benefit being derivable from sea-sickness, except, possibly, by those who eat too much; and if people seem the better for it, it is because the sea has made them better in spite of this gruesome malady.

Perhaps, however, considering the almost universal susceptibility to this malady, it is just as well that the idea of ultimate benefit should be encouraged rather than reasoned away by the cold logic of science. Certain it is that when Neptune has extorted his full tribute, and the exhausted sufferer either goes on deck, or ashore, or into smooth water, a period of light-hearted exhilaration often supervenes, which may, by a stretch of charity, be construed as a resultant benefit. Far be it from the writer to deprive his reader of this solitary shred of comfort, slender though it be.

D. C. MACDONALD.

OUR QUATORZIÈME.

BY R. MEADE BACHE.

WE belonged to the American Colony, of course, during our stay in Paris. But in going to Paris Mrs. Jones and I had made up our minds to have some French and English society, too, if possible. But, bless me! the English abroad, whether gentle or cad, unless traveling to be dined as lions, roam in solitary grandeur, so we had to content ourselves with Americans and French.

We settled upon a great *appartement* for the winter, *au premier*, all in *pièces—salon, chambres à coucher, boudoirs* and *salle à manger*. This last, and the *salon*, I renovated at my own expense. They were splendid in gilt and hangings, pendules, and all that; frescoed ceilings, and so forth, the effects gorgeously stalactited, so to speak, by the encomiums which the artists themselves bestowed upon the work as it proceeded. "*C'est magnifique*," said one of them to me as I was passing through the *salle à manger*. Then descending from the scaffolding, so as to pose oratorically, more becomingly than as seen from below: "*C'est tout à fait charmant. Ah, oui, c'est éblouissant!*"

"But it's going to be devilish expensive, I'm afraid," said I.

"*Expensif!*" cried my little artist-in-chief. "*Regardez au plafond, monsieur, c'est le ciel qui s'ouvre encore! C'est Plutus qui en a la clef. Ah, monsieur*" (this deprecatingly) "*qu'est ce que cela vous fait, vous êtes Américain, vous êtes riche!*"

I didn't dispute the point. That wouldn't have been in good taste. I walked away with as elegant an air as I could assume under the circumstances. The difficulty of expressing myself in French was partaken of by my figure. It might have been equal to walking Spanish, but certainly was not jaunty enough for French. The fact is, not to make a mystery of nothing, my wife and I, under the instruction of our daughter, who had been finished at a French day-school in New York, had studied Ollendorf faithfully for six months before we sailed. The precision, fluency and purity with which I could say in French, "Have you the turkey of the shoemaker?" and my wife reply, "No, but I have the castile soap of the rag-picker," was something remarkable, according to our daughter. But we found that the language of Paris had entirely changed since Ollendorf's time, and the topics of conversation so entirely changed that my French was reduced to "*Avez-vous?*" and "*Non, je n'ai pas.*" However, as wants, gratified and ungratified, make up the sum of life, I felt this was pretty fair to start with, and had purchased a French and English dictionary, a grammar, a book of colloquial phrases, and a commonplace book for jotting down odds and ends, and had distributed them as neatly as possible in my pockets. I was quite puffed up with knowledge. A French friend remarked that I had *l'air militaire*. "*Ma foi!*" said I to myself (for I made a practice of speaking French to myself, finding that I conversed better in soliloquy than with any one else). "*Ma foi!*" (the French didn't get any farther this time than *ma foi*.) "I feel like a trussed fowl. If there's anything military about me it must be of the commissariat department."

180

We intended to give a dinner as soon as the *appartement* was in apple-pie order, a phrase for which I found no equivalent in French, as I discovered one evening at the Café Forlorni, when dining there with my friend, le Comte de Rococo. As I mentioned the fact that the *appartement* was not yet quite in apple-pie order, he said there was no order for apple pie. I tried him on another tack: "*Il faut que j'ai un house-warming. Tenez!*" (dictionary) "*il faut que je mets feu à la maison, pour . . . pour . . .*" (dictionary) "hold on a bit . . . *l'échauffer.*"

"*Ciel! vous ne voulez pas brûler votre maison—faire une incendie, hein?*" cried the Count.

"No," perceiving my mistake, "*Je veux dire, l'échauffer, pas brûler—I'm going to ask you to dine.*"

To dine is the best known phrase in all languages. The Count accepted with pleasure; also the other counts I knew, with their countesses. It would be a great convenience for Americans in Paris to have access to a French "Peerage."

Well, the day of the dinner was at last settled. What deficiencies in language and other things the ability to give good dinners conceals! Delicate viands, elegantly served, are a host in themselves. Sometimes the host is nothing but major-domo, but the viands speak a universal tongue. How tenderly oysters and salads appeal to the sensibilities! What a graceful turn of expression turtle and terrapin have! In choice wines what a flow of soul!

The day had arrived, and now came the hour. The guests were appearing. My wife, daughter and I were engaged in doing the honors of our *appartement*. A count was saying to me of my daughter:

"*Quelle figure adorable—d'ange—avec ses cheveux blonds!*"

I was getting along surprisingly well. If I had had ever so much to say, I should have had very little chance of saying it.

Scene: A number of gentlemen *en grande tenue*, and of ladies *en grande toilette*, the gentlemen with a slight inclination of the spine, and subdued *balancez* and *chassez*, with the right hand adjusted so as to be placed at a moment's notice on the heart. Conversation—"Ah, Madame, . . . rencontré. Mademoiselle . . . bien portant . . . cruelle . . . Ma foi . . . désespéré . . . Monsieur . . . Mon dieu . . . toute-à-l'heure" (that's Ollendorf, anyhow, at last).

But let not any one flatter himself because he is up to the level of the conversation in a foreign tongue in one situation that he is equal to any sudden change in the situation. It was in the awkward pause before dinner that I became aware of a whisper proceeding in my direction from the slightly-opened door. Excusing myself to the lady with whom I was conversing, I went into the *salle à manger*, closing the door behind me, and learned that the father of le Comte de la Vielle Tour, who, with his son, was my guest, had been sent for in great haste from his *appartement* in a neighboring street, owing to the sudden illness of his father, and that "*une voiture l'attendait en bas.*"

"*Diable!*" (these expletives give one time to think)

"Alphonse, restez ici." With that I returned to the drawing-room and informed the Count, who withdrew, and then I communicated the news to Mrs. Jones.

"Gracious, George!" said she, "that makes us thirteen. Get any one. There's Charley Bradford—you can get him in five minutes. Send Alphonse."

Alphonse still stood near the door.

"Alphonse, vite, you *souvenez* you of the young man who dined here yesterday. *Eh bien! allez. Vous savez son adresse. I you await en dehors l'appartement. Il-y-à un quart d'heure avant le dîner.*"

Alphonse was off like a shot. Bradford lived only a few steps away. I utilized the time looking up some words for dinner in the dictionary. In five minutes' time I heard them coming; but at the turn of the staircase I saw that Alphonse was accompanied by a stranger in full dress. As he rejoined me, he said:

"Monsieur, mille regrets, mais M. Bradford n'y était pas; il ne serait de retour avant minuit. Ce monsieur, permettez moi de lui vous présenter, est M. Caramel, le Quatorzième d'alentours."

I had always thought of a Quatorzième as a kind of undertaker, a sort of ghoul that issued no one knew exactly whence, to go whither he knew not, except in a general way—a creature nocturnal and uncanny. But that was very unjust, as I now saw by observation of an individual of the species, for this was not ill-favored, and as for being ill-omened, why, was not his mission here to do away with fatal presages? "Tenez" (I must say something handsome) (Colloquial Phrases) "Soyez le bienvenu. Entrez, monsieur, s'il vous plaît."

As Alphonse swung open the door of the *salle à manger* and ushered the stranger through that room to the *salon*, I heard the rush of quick steps up the staircase, and a private servant appeared and said: "Monsieur mon maître, le Comte de la Tour, m'envoie pour son fils. Une voiture l'attend à la porte." Just as I opened my lips to reply, a file of waiters, bearing the dinner into the *salle à manger*, appeared at the head of the staircase. Stopping one of them, and giving him the message to convey to the Count's room, as soon as he could get rid of his burden, I turned to Alphonse desperately—

"Alphonse—vite—again—encore un autre Quatorzième. Bring half a dozen, so as to have a few to spare. Nous avons encore six minutes."

In a much briefer space of time than I had anticipated, I heard the voice of Alphonse below conversing with some one as he conducted him up stairs, and the next moment he was standing in front of me introducing a new stranger: "Monsieur, permettez; j'étais justement en train de courir chez M. Louvois à quelque distance d'ici, quand, par bonheur, j'aperçus M. Sourcil, qui voila, le beau frère de M. Caramel; qui était en route pour une petite soirée, et il a bien voulu m'accompagner chez vous."

I glanced at the new comer—a little black-haired, bullet-headed, beetle-browed person, by no means so prepossessing as his brother-in-law. However, he had "le pantalon noir, les bottes vernis, les mains bien gantées, and le jarret tendu," with which the French novelist always endows his heroes, so I supposed he must be all right. "Merci, merci," said I, "Monsieur je vous accueille comme le diable—Pardon! I mean I'm devilish glad to see you."

Hastily passing with my new guest through the *salle à manger* I re-entered the *salon*, where the pendule still lacked two minutes of marking the dinner-hour. The buzz of conversation had somewhat subsided; an air of quietude prevailed; a sort of anticipatory sense of what's-coming-next? had come over the expressions and attitudes of my guests. At my return the relief

was visible in the renewed brilliancy of the small talk. A minute passed, the folding-doors were thrown wide open, and a servant announced, "*Madame est servie.*"

Amidst a gentle fluttering and rustling, the ladies took the arms of the gentlemen, and the company in appointed order filed into the *salle à manger*. All being counts and countesses, it had been with Mrs. Jones and me, in default of a "Peerage," a very serious matter to settle questions of precedence, but we did it on the basis of letting the plain people go first. I was gratified at a murmur of admiration that passed among the guests as they were about to seat themselves at table. Yes, I rather flatter myself that Americans have outdone the old *milor*!

The menu was exquisite and comprehensive, the wines the most delicate. Nothing was wanting to my satisfaction, save that I wished I had had a few phrases written upon my wrist-bands for off-hand replies. As it was, I made up as much as possible for the want by much pantomime and by always speaking very fluently when there was so much noise that I knew no one could hear me. The hours passed away amid the perfume of flowers, the roar of conversation and the popping of champagne corks, and eleven o'clock sounded from the neighboring tower before we rose from table. The guests retired to the *salon*, and after coffee their carriages one after another rolled away.

At last all had gone but the Quatorzième and his brother-in-law, and I was beginning to wonder why they too did not go, when they rose together, and with a profusion of courtesy took their leave, I escorting them from the *salon* through the *salle à manger* to the outer door of the *appartement*. I was standing there for a moment after they had said their final *bonsoir*, for the sake of a breath of fresh air, when to my astonishment I heard Sourcil, as they were turning the first landing, call his brother-in-law a *fripou*. "Ah, par exemple, c'est trop fort!" cried Caramel. Then ensued a rapid scrambling, thumping and tumbling down the great staircase to the floor below. I shouted, "Alphonse!" and rushed down quickly, followed by all the servants, to the lower floor, where a violent scuffle, interspersed with clawing and "savate," was proceeding with a pyrotechnic discharge of "*sacré*."

As I started from the end of the long corridor I extracted my dictionary from my coat-tail pocket and launched it at the combatants, following it up with the grammar, which must have hurt confoundingly, if they found it as hard as I did, and then, being at too close quarters for missiles, delivered a well-directed kick at Sourcil, which acted as instantly as does an air-brake on a railway train. "Hold! hold!" I shouted, forgetting my French entirely, "whose house is this? You'll alarm the neighborhood." The combatants having their attention partially diverted from each other by my rapid fire and prompt assault, and their perception of the coming charge of waiters, flung away from each other and burst past the *concierge* into the street, followed by his shouts of "*A la garde.*" In an instant, as if dropped from the clouds, a pair of little dapper *sergents de ville* appeared upon the scene from different directions, tripping lightly forward with their rapiers half drawn, and then, perceiving no necessity for drawing, collared their men and marched them away. That was the last I saw of them. I made up my mind that if ever I was caught in such a scrape again in France, as having only thirteen to sit down to table, I would reconcile myself to running the risk of sacrificing one of the party, rather than have a Quatorzième—at least I never would have his brother-in-law or any of his family.

SOME HINTS ABOUT STUDYING LANGUAGES.

THAT there is no royal highway to knowledge we all know, but that some roads are less arduous than others is equally true. Thus, though there is little faith to be placed in the many methods by which it is alleged to be possible to master a foreign tongue in an incredibly short time, there are ways by which the student's work may be made more pleasant and his progress more rapid than by the simple plodding process of grammar and translation.

The writer has felt so much advantage in perusing the following method in his individual study that he has been prompted to offer the outlines of it to those who are interested in acquiring languages, and to whom it may have some new features.

One should first get a general idea of the grammar of the language he proposes to learn; not necessarily by laboring through a long text-book, like "Otto" or "Ahu," but by carefully reading through some short and condensed outline, without making special effort to commit to memory either words or rules, other than to familiarize himself somewhat with the more frequent short words such as the auxiliary verbs, articles, pronouns, etc. This is the work of but a few hours, or a day or so, to one who knows reasonably well the grammar of his own language.

Suppose the language to be acquired is German. A faithful translation in German of some English or American novel should be selected. With this and the original open before him, with a dictionary and grammar for reference, the student is prepared for work. A vivid story, in which there is much action and conversation, is best suited to the purpose. One should then proceed, as best he can, to read the German. Of course at the start he will have to refer to the English original for the meaning of every word; and he will have much difficulty. Until he becomes familiar with the commonest words, and the construction of sentences, he will have to use the dictionary a great deal, as he will, at first, not be able to tell which word in the original corresponds to any particular word in the translation. But after a very short time this difficulty will cease to be considerable, and with the English open before him he will proceed rapidly, and many of the words he meets on one page he will meet again on the next, and the chances are that after reading attentively a page or two he will have learned the meanings of a number of words; and this merely by repeated contact without special effort; for he need not dwell on each sentence till he has committed all the words to memory, but only know, for the time, their meaning and read farther. In this way he will be able to go over so much ground that, without the fatiguing effort to memorize abstractly a certain number of words, he will in the course of his hour's or evening's work make a considerable addition to his foreign vocabulary. Having chosen for reading the translation in German of an English book he will see how the thoughts as *he* would think them are rendered into the foreign language. This will be more conducive to progress in learning to speak the language than would be the reading of an original German book. Reading a novel, he will soon become interested in the story; and as he pictures in his mind the incidents about which he is reading the words will be connected with the objects or actions they signify, and in this is a great advantage over the common method of committing isolated words to memory, and of translating disconnected sentences, like the following interesting epistle:

"The-man-has-a-hat-on-his-head." No wonder the school-boy makes such slow progress in his linguistic studies! Trudging wearily through the grammar and forgetting one-half while he labors in the other. One of the great objections to the practice of writing out exercises is this: The student gives much time and close attention to writing out the nearest correct translation that he can. If he writes an error, by the operation he fixes it in his mind, and though the teachers may correct his exercises the sentence in its erroneous form was first, and longer, before his mind than in its corrected shape, and the chances are that he has been impressed with the sentence in its erroneous form. The method of reading as described is free from this objection. One of its chief advantages is that, as it calls for far less effort than translating with a dictionary, one can go over much more ground, and with pleasure rather than fatigue.

An excellent book for a young person to use in acquiring German in this way is "The Lamplighter," the translation of which has been made as nearly literal as rendering into good German would permit. Of course, the same method may be employed with a work written originally in the foreign language. There will be no trouble in making a proper selection in French. "I Promissi Sposi," the greatest Italian novel, has a very good French translation, but the writer knows of no good English one.

If the student already has a start so much the better, and if his mind is such that he can advantageously study in a more laborious way he may still find this method of reading a valuable adjunct. The writer is far from advocating a superficial method of study. The reading should be done carefully and slowly, and the dictionary and grammar should be frequently consulted. An excellent means of fixing foreign words in one's memory is to write them down, with their translations and genders. To read through a list so made just before going to sleep at night is also very effective.

It will be seen that the philosophy of this method is *economy of effort*, and the writer believes that its advantage is not only in yielding more rapid progress, but in making one's study of a language a recreation as well.

CHARLES SOOTSMITH.

[There is no doubt of the practical value of the method of studying languages which our correspondent suggests. Indeed it is little different from what is termed the "natural method," except that it lacks the element of vocalization. By the "natural method" one learns a few words and a few simple forms, and is then required to use them, in conversations with the teacher until both words and forms become familiar. To the child this is no doubt the readiest method of acquiring those rudiments of a language which must always precede readiness in its use and mastery of its treasures. Perhaps to any one this would constitute the simplest process for mastering such rudiments, but it requires the constant presence of the teacher or some one who is not only able but willing to carry on the most uninteresting of dialogues for the learner's benefit. It has one objection, too: many sensitive people would rather remain ignorant of a language than expose their ineptness to another even in the process of learning. There is another view that makes for the plan indicated. By it the learner makes his knowledge of his vernacular a lever with which he pries open the door of another language. Familiarity with the forms of his own tongue will soon reveal to him the idioms of that which he seeks to master.—Ed.]

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER VI.

"Not much of John in that face, or of the mother either," Mr. Pettis said, after a long examination of the cabinet photograph Miss Dunbar handed him. "She's like my Ellen, only smaller."

"Then Ellen is a particularly pretty girl."

"She's called so, but I'm not much of a judge. I like a fair woman, and not these fly-away brown things."

"The photograph is to blame for that effect. Dorothy is by no means brown. In fact, she is too fair—a freckly fair that tries her soul—and her eyes and hair are reddish brown."

"That must be some grandmother, then. They are always interfering with the legitimate expectations of people. I meant my brood to be fair, and they are dark as midnight—no blacker eyes in any Kanuck in the county. This girl is Sybil's cousin. How comes it there has never been any knowledge of her? Some plan of Henry's, I suppose?"

"No," Miss Dunbar said, with a sigh, "I think he had no more plans after he had satisfied himself. I never understood before as I can now why he never wanted to have Dorothy near him, and was always restless and uneasy till her vacation ended. I supposed she brought up recollections of the accident. You know I was in Europe at the time and seldom saw papers. He wrote me that John had stumbled and accidentally discharged a pistol in his hand, and that as he knew my fondness for the child, he had sent her and her nurse out to Bladensburg to the house of an old cousin of ours, and would see that she was provided for. When I came back I found that she needed special care, and I took her home. Her grandmother had died, and as there are next to no relatives, she has practically been mine. She will be here the last of August, perhaps sooner, but her school friends are keeping her. She has been at school in New Jersey for two or three years."

"Ah!" the lawyer said absently. "Then you don't go to Portland any longer?"

"Not since the fire took all there was to go to. There is not a trace of the old place. But places count less than they used to, and this house seems very like home. It is like the old one in many ways, if you remember."

"I'm glad you're in it," returned Mr. Pettis, starting up. "My girls are coming soon, and I hope you have brought some spare common sense for general distribution. We need it here. I'll give you any inklings you may want another time."

"Not yet," Miss Dunbar answered, going with him to the door. "I want to make my own discoveries. That is half the pleasure of living."

"It depends somewhat upon their nature," answered the lawyer grimly, "but I'm willing to admit there are plenty to be made;" and with a remarkably jerky bow he set his hat firmly on the back of his head and proceeded slowly up the village street.

Miss Dunbar watched him with an amused smile, but it ended in a long sigh, and she sat down and looked about wearily; then rose suddenly, took up her garden hat and gloves, and in a few moments was vigorously at work, restoring to daylight something that had once been a flower-bed, but was now simply a tangled mass of weeds rising high above the lilies of the valley that showed themselves here and there. As she worked her

face cleared, and when, an hour or two later, she went in, Linda smiled approvingly as she remarked:

"You done got some o' your own color back in your cheeks, Miss 'Lizabeth."

With the end of the second week everything in the house arranged itself as smoothly as if life had always gone in precisely such a groove. It is true that George and Linda, accustomed to the great markets of Washington, found it hard to realize that a butcher came only three times a week, and that "brilers," with the freedom they had been accustomed to use them, seemed to the neighborhood almost reckless flying in the face of Providence, which had ordained that chickens should grow into hens, and hens fulfill their duty as layers of eggs, before final incorporation into stew or pie. Even the butcher shook his head when told what was expected of him.

"There ain't but one woman that's got 'em," he said, "an' that's the Widow Hinchman, an' it's like pullin' teeth to bring her to the pint. She'll out-talk any Kanuck in the Hollow, an' be jest where you began with her in the end on it. But she could have 'em for you regular if you was a mind to pin her down."

"She wants to sell them, doesn't she?" Miss Dunbar asked, a little mystified by the difficulties of getting anything, even for cash.

"Wants ter? That's what she raises 'em for, but you ain't much used to New England ways if you don't know that folks here would rather keep a thing than sell it, if you don't have a good, wholesome sense of how kind of condescendin' it is in 'em to let you have it at all. I'm one of 'em, but I went away long enough to get my eyes opened, an' I vow an' declare sometimes I'll never buy nor sell another pound o' nothin', but jest turn vegetarian an' live on beans an' biled wheat and such things, like the Waites do. Poor old Waite! They say he's conscious agin, an' maybe he'll git up an' be round, after all. Lamb? Here it is—an' now how much you want?"

"A quarter," George returned with dignity, for Miss Dunbar's eyes were on him.

"You can't have a quarter. It's all promised but a shoulder; but I'll bring you a quarter Saturday."

"Nebber seed no sich sassy way o' doin' things," George moaned as he took the allotted portion and Harding drove off; but Miss Dunbar was beyond hearing, having walked away smiling. Harding's dignity thus far would not allow him to deal with George directly. He was accustomed to much amiable conversation, over gates and at the back of his wagon, with every householder in the neighborhood, and demanded Miss Dunbar's presence at once, when George's white apron appeared at the kitchen door. Finding her less "stuck up" than the ownership of a colored cook would have seemed to imply, he allowed his meats to be carried in by this objectionable appendage, but still insisted that the mistress should first look at them; and Miss Dunbar submitted with the quiet amusement with which she encountered long-forgotten peculiarities. Now she determined to face the Widow Hinchman at once, and then, remembering that the house must be very near Sybil's home, put into a little basket one or two things that an invalid might like, and telling Linda she should soon be back, walked lightly up the street,

enjoying the great elms and the cool shadow of the spreading boughs.

In the little house on the hill no change had come save that mentioned by Harding. The invalid now looked about, and seemed happier if Sybil was by him, though he lay quietly, for the most part with closed eyes, requiring the slightest possible care, taking what was given him, with no sign of liking or disliking, and only now and then making any apparent effort to understand.

Sybil had done her work thoroughly and well, and Miss Dunbar, after long thought, had settled that nothing could be done at present save to see that she had employment and was well paid. The sum she handed Sybil amazed the girl, who, with a sudden movement of pride, laid it back in her hand.

"I want only what I earn," she said, with flushed cheeks.

"I have given you precisely what I should have paid in Washington for the same work, and prices there are less than in New York or Boston," Miss Dunbar said quietly. "I know the rates thoroughly, for there is a little German there in whom I was interested who mended everything, from china and fans down to a three-legged stool. You must fix your rates, Sybil, and let it be understood what they are."

"Then I must fix them a good deal higher than they ought to be," Sybil answered, with a faint smile. "Everybody bargains and beats down so, and poor father cared very little at last, you know, and always said, 'Just as you like—it doesn't make any difference.' But I have all the work I can do for a good while to come, and this will make it quite easy for us—if you are sure it is right, and that you have made no mistake," she added earnestly.

"Perfectly sure," Miss Dunbar said with a smile, but there were tears in her eyes as she watched the girl's retreating figure.

The Widow Hinchman had locked her door, laid the key in the accustomed hiding-place in the woodshed, where Abel could find it when he came from the field for supper, and driven over to Georgia. Miss Dunbar stood for a moment noting the characteristically New England methods of the place—the hermetically-sealed windows of the parlor, each with its green paper shade shutting out every ray of sunshine; the brilliant white of the house and the equally brilliant green of the blinds; the woodshed and barn all united to the main building, and making one long covered walk from kitchen to haymow, and the spotless neatness of every foot of ground. Even the lilacs by the woodshed were trimmed up decorously, and the grass in the little front yard cut close. The "brilers" were wandering up and down the little barn-yard, and the older and less active hens sitting in the sun or scratching here and there with that comfortable and confidential undertone of conversation common to all well-regulated hens.

"We will have hens of our own. How stupid not to have thought of it before," Miss Dunbar said, half aloud, as she turned away and walked on to the Waite house, the sound of the plane coming to her from the little workshop as she neared it. Sybil looked up with delight as she saw whose shadow had darkened the little door, and Miss Dunbar sat down on a block and watched for a few moments as Sybil finished planing the board, the shavings rolling up and falling as regularly and as skillfully graded as if she had been a master carpenter of a dozen years' standing. Sybil plunged her hands into the pile, and held up one particularly long and graceful curl.

"I should put that on if I were little again," she said. "I used to think shaving curls were beautiful, and I'd rather make them now than sew a seam, any day. I hate sewing, though I really do know how. This is for a corner cupboard in Captain Lovering's sitting-room. Mrs. Lovering has been away somewhere and seen one, with glass in the upper part, and full of old china, and when she heard I was working for you and really could do things, she came and told me what she wanted. This wood is perfectly seasoned, and it will be beautiful when it is oiled. See the grain even now, and how good it smells!"

Miss Dunbar laughed.

"It is very evident you like it better than sewing. You look like an artist with your belted blouse."

"Mother made it exactly as you said," Sybil answered, blushing a little and looking eagerly toward a shelf in the corner. "It's very comfortable to work in—easier than a regular dress, and it's so strong I can have a pocketful of nails just like any carpenter with an apron. But—I wonder if you'd mind—I'd like to show you something, only I don't feel sure about it."

"I do," Miss Dunbar said, thinking how the girl's face lighted up, and how the certainty of work had altered her expression. "What is it?"

"Only this," Sybil said shyly, drawing out the panel she had worked on so long in secret, and laying it in Miss Dunbar's lap. She had brought it down that morning. Why should it be hidden in the drawer any longer, when perhaps this new friend who knew so much would tell her whether it was good or bad work, and whether there was any chance for her to go on and do more—perhaps even in time be allowed to carve something really worth while.

"It's only some leaves," she said, half longing now to snatch it away. "I have nobody to tell me, but I tried to copy them and make them like the branch I had in my room."

"Then you really did it yourself! Have you tools, child?"

"Only my knife. I know there are tools; but should I know how to use them?"

"You will very soon," Miss Dunbar said, still looking attentively at the work. "This is excellent. I almost hear them rustle. If you can do so well without a teacher, I should expect much of you with one. You can draw, then?"

"Oh, yes! I should have had to anyway to do my work properly," Sybil said simply. "Father and I drew in the evenings, but mostly what would help my work, and he taught me all he remembered, for he could draw well when he was in college. If Mrs. Lovering liked such things I should ask her to let me set in panels in the lower part of that cupboard, with just a little carving, but she doesn't care."

"I am going there on the way home," said Miss Dunbar quietly, "and perhaps she will do it after all. Now, Sybil, I want to go in and see your mother, if I may," and without waiting for answer she crossed the little space of green and went into the narrow parlor. She heard Sybil's low tones for a moment, and then Mrs. Waite came in hurriedly, as if a moment's waiting to consider would have hindered coming at all. Miss Dunbar, as she sat there chatting quietly and noting how the troubled look gave place at last to her usual quiet, gentle expression, sought for some trace of the beauty that must have been there in the days when four college boys thought life could not be lived without her. Sorrow and hard labor had joined hands in the work of destruction, and left their traces too plainly ever to be

wiped out. But if the eyes had faded, and the delicate cheeks lost color and fullness, Mrs. Waite bore herself still with a simple dignity inexpressibly pathetic to the keen observer, who longed then and there to lift her out of this drudgery and return her to her own place.

"We are very grateful to you," Mrs. Waite said simply, as Miss Dunbar rose to go. "I had dreaded this work for Sybil; it is so unlike anything we ever dreamed of for girls when I was young, and I did not want her to be so talked about as she must be. But you are making it easy, though I wonder at it. I could hardly tell my husband that the way has opened through you—" She flushed painfully. "I mean, he naturally dreads the name a little; but he will never know now."

"I understand," Miss Dunbar said gently. "We

will talk of it when you know me a little better, and together we may alter some things."

Mrs. Waite shook her head as she turned away. She had never fully understood their troubles. She worshiped her husband as she had from the beginning, and would have followed him to the desert of Sahara if he had willed it. In fact that spot would have been a more desirable one in some points than that she had been forced into, for there would have been escape from all gossip, all pity, all well-meant attempts at consolation. Forgetfulness had come, and she had been left as thoroughly to herself as she desired. Was it well to open up old wounds or allow intercourse to once more begin? Only time could tell, yet Sybil's eager face seemed to answer "Yes," and she turned to her work with a sigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO MY CHILDREN (IN FUTURO).

A REVERY.

SWEET little lass with raven hair—

No, golden brown I'll have it rather—

And eyes of blue, complexion fair;

I'll have it so, I am your father.

At first you'll be like other girls;

Sweet infant, launched upon life's channel,

All fist and feet and fluffy curls,

All soothing syrup, lace and flannel.

Then, darling, for a year or two

Your cunning ways will make us merry,

Then you will grow (girls always do)

Tall, angular, affected very.

And you, my son, have naught to dread;

You will be handsome like your father—

With massive, dome-like, curly head,

You'll look at first top-heavy rather.

You'll be a nuisance till you're ten,

By that time I'll be cross and forty,

A little gray, dyspeptic; then

I'll whip you oftener when naughty.

I'll send you soon away to school,

And afterward you'll go to college,

And then you'll think (it is the rule)

That you have drained the cup of knowledge.

You'll smoke, of course, your cigarette;

You'll go, of course, to all the races;

You'll lose, of course, whenever you bet—

In short, have all the manly graces.

You'll fall in love a score of times,

You'll be an athlete, boxer, fencer;

You'll even take to writing rhymes,

Perhaps you'll take to reading Spencer.

Quite early you'll begin to show

Some gleams of the immortal fire

That burns within. It must be so,

For, happy boy, I am your sire.

Perhaps (what horrid thought is this!

How could my massive brain conceive it?)

Life's greatest prizes you may miss;

Great heavens, no! I can't believe it.

You both, perhaps, will be the same

As other folk, as wise, as silly;

You'll keep your fingers from a flame,

And cover up when it is chilly.

You'll wreck your lives as others do,

Your faults to all but me apparent,

And I, perhaps, like others too,

Will be a blind and doting parent.

No, no, my children, it can't be,

Your genius must make nature pliant;

Your minds, my children, came from me—

From me, in intellect a giant.

My fair-haired maid, my blue-eyed boy,

You'll much resemble each the other—

Your father's pride, your mother's joy;

But, by the way, *who is your mother?*

Tell me, my son, who is your ma?

You ought to know; I prythee show her.

My daughter, tell your anxious pa;

Come, children, answer, do I know her?

She's pretty and, of course, she's good,

But has her father bonds in plenty?

And will she love me as she should?

And, tell me, is she under twenty?

Shall we be married in a church?

Will I be awkward, stupid, flurried?

Will "papa" leave us in the lurch?

Pray tell me this, I'm rather worried.

Confound it, 'tis a burning shame!

Can you not tell me what she's doing,

Nor where she lives, nor what's her name?

Then how can I begin my wooing?

Come, hurry up—delay is crime!

You're compromising me, I'll show you;

For you are growing all this time,

And yet your own mamma don't know you.

H. C. FAULKNER.



Was Garfield False to Sherman?

MR. WHARTON BARKER offers in refutation of Dorsey's venomous charge that General Garfield was false to his chief, Mr. Sherman, at the Chicago Convention, a batch of letters, which, he says, give a connected history of General Garfield's nomination, meaning thereby undoubtedly his own connection therewith. Neither Guiteau's bullet nor Dorsey's evident malignity were so well calculated to do an injury to Garfield's fame as the vanity of Mr. Barker, who desires to pose as the creator of his fortunes and the keeper of his political conscience. The extracts which he gives from his own letters are many and voluminous, as well as didactic and dictatorial. The letters from Garfield to Barker are noticeably brief and non-committal. In short, the correspondence is made up of a good deal of Barker spiced with a very little Garfield. The most important of these letters are Barker's, of April 19, 1880, and General Garfield's in reply to the same, dated the 20th of the same month. In this letter Barker says: "This move, I am sure, will end the Grant movement. . . . The move will, at first, aid Mr. Blaine, but I believe I understand how to kill him, and at the Chicago Convention I hope the nomination will go *as we want it*." The italics are ours. Upon the question of General Garfield's sincerity as the manager of Mr. Sherman's forces, at Chicago, the words italicized are very significant. Did the "we" mean Wharton Barker, Wayne McVeagh and their friends, or did it include General Garfield also? Barker claims to have had several interviews with Garfield previous to this time on the subject of his candidacy, and he leaves it to be inferred that Mr. Garfield not only permitted but heartily sanctioned this movement in favor of himself, while he was actually the trusted manager of Mr. Sherman's interests. If this be true, then no sophistry of explanation can relieve General Garfield's memory of the odium of treachery to his friend. This it is impossible to believe, and it becomes necessary to accept the other hypothesis, that in order to magnify himself and his potency Mr. Barker has been willing to allow such odium to rest upon the dead.

Mr. Dorsey's charges fell far short of smirching the uprightness of Garfield's character. No sane person can pretend that General Garfield was so blind as not to have seen the indications that pointed to his own nomination as probable even before the assembling of the Convention. For months they had been evident to the unprejudiced observer. In the latter part of February a writer, who was a pronounced adherent of Grant, had published an article demonstrating the fact that Garfield's nomination was more probable than that of either of the three prime favorites. This article came to the attention of General Garfield, and his comment upon it showed that he did not then realize the force of the current in his favor. When the writer met General Garfield at the rooms of the Ohio delegation, a night or two before the opening of the Convention in Chicago, and said to him, "Glamis thou art and Cawdor, and shalt be—President," he simply replied, "Oh, you don't think so." But he took the writer aside and said to him, with a look of real pain upon his face, "Don't say that! Others

have been talking that way. Don't you see what a position I am in? I have a good mind to go home."

Now, Garfield's reply to Mr. Barker's letter, or the extract given therefrom, leaves it to be inferred that he not only knew of this movement in April, but also encouraged and approved of it. This is the extract:

"Yours of the 19th instant is received, and has been read with interest. It is becoming every day more apparent that the friends of the leading Presidential candidates are becoming embittered against each other to such an extent that, whichever of the three may be nominated, there would be much hostility of feeling in the conduct of the campaign. It will be most unfortunate if we go into the contest handicapped by the animosities of the leading politicians. I shall be glad to see you on your arrival in Washington."

Read in the light of to-day this would seem to be a foxy invitation to Mr. Barker to go ahead and push the nomination of Garfield as an available man against whom the bitterness referred to did not exist. Was that the true reading, and was the interview to which he invited Mr. Barker occupied with planning for his own nomination? If so, then Garfield was certainly false to Sherman. It was then a month and a half before the Convention, and he had ample time to withdraw from the support of Sherman, and either openly or impliedly admit himself a candidate. There are only two methods by which we may escape the conclusion of insincerity and treachery on his part. The first is to believe that General Garfield frankly informed Mr. Sherman of the facts revealed by Mr. Barker's correspondence. Of this there is no hint. The second is that Mr. Garfield really did not consider Mr. Barker or his project as of any great importance. He no doubt correctly read the man, whose motive was not to nominate Garfield or anybody else as an ultimate, but to kill Mr. Cameron, in the hope of falling heir to the Pennsylvania boss-ship, which would thus be left vacant. General Garfield no doubt "sized his man," and only sought to utilize him as an element of discord in Pennsylvania to promote the interests of Mr. Sherman. When it was too late to retreat he found that Mr. Barker, in the pursuit of his purpose, had tapped an unsuspected popular lead. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Barker, or any one else, discovered General Garfield, managed his nomination or created his candidacy. The war which the other aspirants had made on each other made a new man necessary. As soon as this fact was apparent the Convention and the country saw at once the concentration of favorable elements in the life and character of Garfield.

He seemed untrue to his friend because he was so modest that he did not realize how completely he himself filled the picture he had drawn of the man the country needed. Neither Dorsey's venomous attack nor Mr. Barker's vain-glorious defense of one that needed no defense, can induce the country to believe that there was in Garfield's heart one fibre of dishonesty or treachery to a friend.

THE CONTINENT'S discussion of the Presidential possibilities of 1884, has apparently incited the New York Times to take one of those beforehand votes which are

made to show anything that is desired and really show nothing. Some three hundred men of each party, representing every section of the country, were asked to name their preference for a Presidential nominee of their respective parties. Ben Adhem Blaine's name led all the Republicans and Ben Adhem Tilden's led the Democratic host. The one is just as probable a candidate as the other. The fact is it is not the preferences of the individual voters of any party that determines who shall be its nominee. It is not love, but necessity, that dictates the choice. The Republican party has never had but one candidate who was the real choice of the party—the one a majority of its voters would really have preferred to see in the Presidential chair before the nomination was made—and that was Lincoln in 1864. In 1860 four-fifths of the party would, on the day of the nomination, have preferred another. Grant in 1868 was a surprise, and in 1872 a necessity. There were hardly more who knew who Hayes was before his nomination than there were who knew what he was after his election. Garfield was nominated simply because there were so many who were unswervingly attached to a first choice, that it was only on a second choice that they could find common ground. The first choice of the majority of the individual members of a party very rarely gets a nomination for the Presidency. The very acts by which he has endeared himself to his followers are those which make his election impossible. It is not preference, but the chances of election, that determine the result. While Mr. Blaine has perhaps more friends in his own party than any other man in it, it is equally true that he has a like proportion of enemies. As his friends are enthusiastic, so his enemies are implacable. Other things make Mr. Tilden equally unavailable, especially the fact that nothing less than the inquest of a jury of experts can determine whether he is a weak, helpless dotard, or one of the most lively and robust men in New York. While each has perhaps more admirers in his respective party than any other leader, there are probably not five in a hundred of those admirers who believe that the man of his choice could be elected. A canvass predicated on preferences, therefore, has absolutely nothing to commend it, as it is based on a radically false hypothesis.

**

A Case of Assisted Immigration.

A FEW years ago some thousands of brown-coated, obtrusive, quarrelsome little natives of the British Isles were "assisted" to cross the Atlantic, and given free quarters in many of our American cities. They were low-bred, dirty, ill-tempered little varlets, always ready to eat or to fight. Greedy, jealous, restless, they were ready to die of over-feeding rather than see a grain of food, no matter how coarse or filthy, consumed by any other winged thing. For this reason, it was supposed that the English sparrow might be utilized to do the dirty work which our daintier and more aristocratic native songsters stubbornly refused to perform. First among the useful things expected of this reckless foreign pauper immigrant was that he would clean the woods and fields, the trees and streets of certain pestiferous insects that made war upon the foliage, and converted our parks into leafless haunts for the caterpillar. It was also expected that these myriads of restless little gluttons would soon render street-cleaning boards unnecessary, and by performing the scavenger's work of our municipalities gratis, allow those having charge of such public work to abandon even that show of activity which they had hitherto scrupulously maintained in order to excuse the robbery they perpetrated.

For a time these "assisted immigrants," true to their greedy instincts, not only performed the work for which they were imported, but also made war on the aristocratic natives, whom they quickly supplanted. Robins and sparrows and the shy fly-catchers, with their sweet notes, fled

away from the towns, abandoned their chosen companion, man, and hid in the darkest woods and gloomiest dells, away from their pugnacious, persevering and illimitably fecund persecutors. All the native birds abandoned their accustomed haunts. Our native sparrows deserted the hedges and hid in the wild-wood. The robin's note is no longer heard in the park. Even the martins are harried out of their boxes, and the envious little invader rears his numerous broods in their deserted homes. The streets swarm with them. Every coign of vantage in wall and cornice is alive with them. The ivy upon the wall, the eave-spouts and window-caps are squatted on by the myriad predators. In the gutter, under the horses' feet—everywhere that no other bird ever dreamed of being—there the sparrow is sure to be found. Chattering, sputtering, eating, fighting, he seems made for the city's slums—a feathered incarnation of its worst elements. They have taken the land, and most vociferously set up their claims to be seen and heard at all times and on all occasions. With the true spirit of the "assisted immigrant," they conceive that the land belongs to them, and has been created solely for their use and occupation.

This feeling, no doubt, has induced them to forego one of the chief duties expected of them. By unanimous and apparently concerted action they have "struck" on caterpillars. They propose no longer to do the dirty work which the native American warbler scorns to touch. They know their rights. The country owes them a living, and a living they mean to have, but they draw the line at caterpillars. So the cobweb festoons hang upon the trees, the caterpillars invade the boxes where they dwell; even the young sparrows fall victims to the creeping foe, but the "assisted immigrant" is unrelenting. He is as good as any one, and will do nobody's dirty work, if all the younglings in his nest die of webs and hairs.

There was one American bird, however, that held its ground despite the sparrow. The wren was as pugnacious as the imported bird and much nimbler and surer on the wing. The wren was the one ornithological "Know-Nothing" that always gave the foreign-born intruder as good as he sent and more of it than he wanted. So the wrens stayed and the sparrows swarmed around them—the wren, dainty and aristocratic, but full of pluck and always aching for a fight; the sparrow, coarse and dirty, but never flying away from a row. They were strangely-matched enemies, but nobody thought they would ever become friends. Just here, however, comes the marvel. We are now informed upon the high authority of the Superintendent of Central Park that these hereditary enemies have formed an alliance. The wrens, we are assured, have intermarried with the "assisted immigrants," and so elevated the taste and habits of the offspring that they refuse the vulgar food on which their fathers fattened, and like genuine native American gentlemen, insist on living on the top shelf and doing only gentlemanly work. Instead of earning an honest living and being a blessing to the community, they are of no more use than a crowd of ward politicians or the licensed thieves and robbers of Wall Street.

**

Two negroes fought a duel the other day in Arkansas with rifles at twenty steps. The result was that both were killed at the first fire. What is the use of spelling negro with a big N while they keep on giving such irrefutable proof of the inherent inferiority of the race? If they had been white editors, they would have shot half a day at each other and not raised a blister, except by accident. This carrying the duello to such deadly and extreme lengths only shows "an understanding simple and unschooled," and demonstrates anew the superiority of the Caucasian.

**

"WHAT shall we do with the surplus revenue?" is the cry of politicians who snuff the chance of plunder afar

off. If the Republican party had redeemed its pledges and given its strength to the destruction of ignorance and the preparation of those it has made rulers—for the completion of the work that the war begun—it would have found use for a part of the surplus, and a better use too than the silly experiment of building banks for the Mississippi River.

Nothing is ever so interesting as a faithful story of human lives, and it is because dates have been dropped, and human life taken the place of the bald record of reigns and battles, that history is taking the place it should have held generations ago. Mr. Green had shown us what could be done for English history, but there seemed small prospect that anything so vital and intense as his brilliant narrative proved could be done for the United States, much less that it was likely to come from a source which had promised nothing. The thick volume sent out by the Appletons¹ would have daunted every reader had not the opening pages challenged and compelled an attention that grew at once into absorbed interest. That Mr. McMaster is a disciple of Green, is only to say that he is able to see the picturesque aspects of a history long believed to hold less picturesque material than that of any other people. Macaulay, too, has had strong influence with him, and there are many sentences that recall familiar bits of Macaulay's work, but this does not affect the fact that Mr. McMaster's style is distinctively his own, and that he adds to deep and thorough knowledge of his subject the charm of a most vivid narrative power, and an untroubled command of racy and vigorous English.

The first paragraph of the opening chapter gives the scheme of the volume and defines his purpose more clearly than any other work can do:

"The subject of my narrative is the history of the people of the United States of America from the close of the war for independence down to the opening of the war between the States. In the course of this narrative much, indeed, must be written of wars, conspiracies and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet the history of the people shall be the chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington and Adams from the America in which we live, it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons of the times; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons and of jails, and which has, in our own time, destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes. Nor shall it be less my aim to recount the manifold improvements which, in a thousand ways, have multiplied the conveniences of life and ministered to the happiness of our race; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world, and our just pride and boast: to tell how, under the benign influence of liberty and peace, there sprang up, in the course of a single century, a prosperity unparalleled in the annals of human affairs; how, from a state of great poverty and feebleness, our country grew rapidly to one of opulence and power; how her agriculture and her manufactures flourished together; how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of her people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any of which the alchemists had ever dreamed."

Years of personal research could hardly give the information condensed into this opening chapter, as brilliant as Macaulay's famous third chapter on the "State of England in 1685." But one objection can be urged. If the first volume, covering the least eventful period, includes

but six years, how can four more be made to hold all that follow? Compression is an injustice where there is not a solitary dull page, yet, unless we are to have a dozen octavos, compression must be attempted. Not a word could be spared where his descriptions of the manners and customs or the spirit of the time are concerned, but less space could be given to political squabbles and personal disagreements, though it is hard to define precisely where limitation would be best. His analysis is as remarkable as his story-telling power, and there are quotable passages at every page. Only one other writer on this period has caught as well the spirit of the time, no more brilliant and masterly summary of the forces at work in both the New England and the Virginian colonies having ever been made than that of Professor Moses Coit Tyler in his "History of American Literature." There are suggestions of the same quality in both writers, picturesqueness, subtle delightful humor, and striking descriptive power belonging to both, and one wishes that Mr. McMaster could have begun at the beginning and given us what we are never likely to get from any other hand. Bancroft's rather stately history is a standard, but its pages will never be pored over as these are likely to be. A portion of his description of the laboring classes in 1784 will give an idea of the charm of his style and method, but the book must be taken as a whole for full enjoyment:

"There can, however, be no doubt that a wonderful amelioration has taken place since that day in the condition of the poor. Their houses were meaner, their food was coarser, their clothing was of commoner stuff, their wages were, despite the depreciation that has gone on in the value of money, lower by one-half than at present. A man who performed what would now be called unskilled labor—who sawed wood, who dug ditches, who mended the roads, who mixed mortar, who carried boards to the carpenter and bricks to the mason, or helped to cut hay in the harvest-time—usually received as the fruit of his daily toil two shillings. Sometimes, when the laborers were few, he was paid more, and became the envy of his fellows if, at the end of a week, he took home to his family fifteen shillings, a sum now greatly exceeded by four dollars. Yet all authorities agree that in 1784 the hire of workmen was twice as great as in 1774.

"On such a pittance it was only by the strictest economy that a mechanic kept his children from starvation and himself from jail. In the low and dingy rooms which he called his home were wanting many articles of adornment and of use now to be found in the dwellings of the poorest of his class. Sand, sprinkled on the floor did duty as a carpet. There was no glass on his table, there was no china in his cupboard, there were no prints on his wall. What a stove was he did not know, coal he had never seen, matches he had never heard of. Over a fire of fragments of boxes and barrels, which he lit with sparks struck from a flint, or with live coals brought from a neighbor's hearth, his wife cooked up a rude meal and served it in pewter dishes. He rarely tasted fresh meat as often as once in a week, and paid for it a much higher price than his posterity. Everything, indeed, which ranked as a staple of life was very costly. Corn stood at three shillings the bushel, wheat at eight and sixpence, an assize of bread was fourpence, a pound of salt pork was tenpence. Many other commodities now to be seen on the tables of the poor were either quite unknown or far beyond the reach of his scanty means. Unenviable is the lot of that man who cannot, in the height of the season, when the wharves and markets are heaped with baskets and crates of fruit, spare three cents for a pound of grapes or five cents for as many peaches, or, when Sunday comes round, indulge his family with watermelons or cantaloupes. One hundred years ago the wretched fox-grape was the only kind that found its way to market, and was the luxury of the rich. Among the fruits and vegetables of which no one had then even heard are cantaloupes, many varieties of peaches and pears, tomatoes and rhubarb, sweet corn, the cauliflower, the egg-plant, head lettuce and okra. On the window-benches of every tenement-house may be seen growing geraniums and verbenas, flowers not known a century ago. In truth, the best-kept gardens were then rank with hollyhocks and sunflowers, roses and snowballs, lilacs, pinks, tulips, and, above all, the Jerusalem cherry—a plant once much admired, but now scarcely seen."

(1) HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By John Bach McMaster. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 622. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1883. \$2.50.



NEARLY twelve hundred copyrights have been issued at Washington during the past year, many, however, being for compilations and reprints.

"OUIDA," otherwise Miss Louise de la Rame, is severely ill at Florence, her home for many years. Overwork and a slight touch of Roman fever, to which her constitution has hitherto been impervious, have affected her brain, and she is now in strict seclusion and under careful treatment.

FEW authors have been able to gather together as large a portion of this world's goods as the late William Chambers, of Edinburg, who left a personal estate of £91,316. The sum of £20,000 is devised for the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral, and the remainder is divided among numerous relatives and friends.

"THE FAITHFUL PROMISER," by the author of "Morning and Night Watches," is one of the dainty little volumes we have learned to expect from A. D. F. Randolph & Co., containing a passage of Scripture and reflections upon it for each day in the month, and attractively bound in green and gold. (32mo, pp. 128, 35 cents).

A MEMORIAL of the late Lorenzo Prouty has been published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. It is a book on "Fish; Their Habits, Haunts, and the Best Methods of Taking Them," together with descriptions of trip made by Mr. Prouty in the woods of Maine and Nova Scotia. The work is in part written by Mr. Prouty himself, and in part compiled from his journal by his widow. It is a capital guide for fishermen, as it gives valuable information about all the details of fishing.

AN exchange gives a recent experience of a Paris newspaper which recently published the death of a well-known writer, receiving next day the following note: "Sir: You announce in your valuable paper this morning that I have ceased to exist. Your journal is too serious and too well informed for the fact not to be true. Only you have forgotten to mention that I am fifty francs short to pay my funeral expenses. I rely on your kindness to receive that sum by return of post. The Deceased."

THE *Magazine of American History* improves with each number, that for July being of especial excellence. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "Wall Street in History" is completed, the whole being very finely illustrated. Joel Benton contributes a charmingly romantic essay, entitled "An Unpublished Chapter in Noah Webster's Life: Love and the Spelling-Book;" the Hon. George Bancroft an interesting document concerning "Virginia in the Revolution of 1689;" an appreciative tribute to Peter Cooper follows, whose portrait graces the first page of the magazine; and "Charlestown's Appreciation of her Early History," form a rich table of contents.

THERE are few short stories which bear collection in book form, but among these few must certainly be reckoned Julia Schayer's "Tiger Lily and Other Stories," which have appeared from time to time in *The Century*. "Tiger Lily," the longest of the five given, is a powerful and pathetic sketch of a life made hopeless to its possessor because of the one drop of black blood poisoning its possibilities. "My Friend Mrs. Angel," has the same underlying pathos, but is full of a delicate humor, being one of the best character-studies of a certain Southern type that has been made. "Molly" is in some points the strongest

of the five sketches, but all will repay the reader, who will ask for more, and we hope in due time receive it. (16mo, pp. 227, \$1.00; Charles Scribner's Sons).

THE Art Students' League of New York re-opens in October for its ninth year of work and with steadily increasing success. The school is open to all whose artistic knowledge attains the standard set by the League, which, however, is placed sufficiently high to insure the exclusion of all those students whose aims are not serious, but the membership of the League is confined to professional workers of both sexes. With the new classes established by the League, the facilities for study offered to women studying art professionally are greater than those afforded by any other school here or abroad. The increase in the number of instructors, with hours and plan of classes so arranged that no one of the professors shall become a routine teacher, is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the quality of instruction offered by the League, and of the direct influence exercised by the master over the pupil.

THE complications attendant upon being a devoted lover of nature, yet unable to live away from Paris, have been met and overcome by old M. Lockroy, whose son married a daughter of Victor Hugo. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* describes the means adopted: "He has had a huge balcony built across the front of his house, and has converted it into a veritable hanging-garden. All kinds of plants and herbs are grown there, including not only exotics and the general favorites of the flower-garden, but wood-sorrel and a dozen other wild plants dug from the forest mould. Against this Victor Hugo protests. He believes that plants are sentient beings, and are wretched in exile as he himself was. If a man will have a balcony-garden, he says, let him fill it with the offspring of generations of artificially-cultivated ancestors, and not make it a prison for the free-born dwellers of the forest and meadow. But this pleading falls vainly upon M. Lockroy's ears, and the old actor is never happier than when he comes home from the forest with a basket-full of fresh wild trophies."

A LONDON journal describes Kraszewski, the poet, placed under arrest not long ago by the German government. He is a man of ample means, living in good style in his own villa in Dresden. Besides the handsome income which his writings bring him, he receives large supplies from his son, who is one of the greatest contractors in Russia. His villa is situated in one of those picturesque spots for which Dresden is famous, and the exterior alone shows the peculiar tastes of its owner. The balcony outside his study is fitted up as an aviary for doves, and the surrounding gardens are beautifully laid out, in a great measure by his own hand. In his waiting-rooms numerous articles of *vertu* are scattered about, most of which were presented to him on his literary jubilee in 1879. In his study the walls are literally covered with landscapes, sketched by himself during his long travels, and on the tables are albums of caricatures with which he has amused himself in his leisure moments. For some time past he has been oppressed by occasional fits of melancholy, during which he sits for hours and hours engaged in composing music. Before leaving for Pau, as if with some presentiment of coming evil, he made a will, for the first time in his life, in which he directed that his heart should be taken to Warsaw, and deposited in the church where he received his first communion.

MISS BIRD stands alone among travelers, her unique wanderings being chronicled in such fascinating fashion that her circle of readers widens constantly, and other records are apt to seem meagre and flavorless. But "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is equally out of the usual course, and one of the most delightful books the season has afforded. Mr.

Carnegie is a Scotchman and has never been naturalized, though his large fortune has been made in this country; but he has learned one lesson not always so well grounded in his American contemporaries, of how to enjoy money when made, this seven weeks' tour being a method that should be followed by all who want the utmost enjoyment with the least portion of the usual difficulties of travel. Fifteen made up this greatly-to-be-envied party, their real personalities being disguised under various titles, as the Prima Donna and the Stewardess, the Queen Dowager, the Paisley Troubadours, the General Manager, etc. The journey was inspired originally by Mr. Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and he came to oversee the start from Brighton, but arrived a few moments too late. The seven weeks proved, as one of the party said at the last, "a dream of happiness." Mr. Carnegie proved as charming a host as he is narrator, and his record is full of keen observation, of warm sympathy and a vein of humor quite his own. The pages on George Eliot will interest all who love her memory, and the book, as a whole, is one of the most charming additions to the literature of travel. (8vo. pp. 338, \$2.50; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

THE publisher who announced lately that there was a boom in sermons and theological literature generally would probably be equally ready to make the same statement regarding travels. Authors capable of much more sustained work are spending their strength on bright little records of journeying here and there, in the nature of things ephemeral, and simply adding another volume of light and agreeable reading to the mighty host already marshaled in order. Of such order is "An Inland Voyage," the record of a canoe voyage through interior France and Belgium, written with all the skill and grace which distinguish the work of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "New Arabian Nights" was one of the most remarkable books of 1882. He is deeply tinctured with the spirit of the eighteenth-century essayists, and turns his phrases with a dainty care, which may be carped at as imitative and shutting out originality, or commended as a refreshing contrast to the slipshod methods of many authors, according to the disposition of the critic. The book is a summer trifle, but a charming one, and the bit of solid underneath the froth will be found in the philosophic touches here and there, and in the lightly yet carefully-drawn portraits of the people he meets on the way. (16mo, pp. 261, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

THE WAR OF THE BACHELORS. A Story of the Crescent City at the Period of the Franco-German War. By "Orleanian." 8vo, pp. 486, \$1.50. Printed for the author. New Orleans.

PRINCESS AMÉLIE. A Fragment of Autobiography. "No Name Series." 16mo, pp. 322, \$1.00; Roberts Bros., Boston.

INDIA: WHAT CAN IT TEACH US? A course of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge. By F. Max Müller K. M. Text and Foot-notes Complete. With an Introduction and Notes by Prof. Alexander Wilder. Paper, pp. 282, 25 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

NATURE STUDIES. By Grant Allen, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Foster, Edward Clodd and Richard A. Proctor. Paper, pp. 252, 25 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE USE OF WORKERS AMONG THE POOR. Compiled by the Standing Committee on the Elevation of the Poor in their Homes. Pamphlet, pp. 59, 25 cents; State Charities Aid Association, 6 East 14th Street, New York.

X. Y. Z. A Detective Story. By Anna Catherine Green. Paper, pp. 97, 25 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

HER SAILOR LOVE. By Katherine S. Macquoid. "Trans-Atlantic Series." Paper, pp. 459, 50 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. Topics of the Time. 25 cents, pp. 280. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

TIGER LILY, And Other Stories. By Julia Schayer. 16mo, pp. 227, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.



In a paper on "The Remedies of Nature," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Felix L. Oswald conveys some very sensible suggestions on the habitual sins committed by the human family against nature. He says that "before our ancestors colonized the colder latitudes of this planet, the equatorial regions had for ages been inhabited by men or man-like four-handers. The influence of this long abode in the tropics still asserts itself in many peculiarities of our physical constitution. We are but half acclimatized. Wolves are weather-proof; bears and badgers have managed to inure themselves to the miasma of their winter dens: but the primates of the animal kingdom can neither endure cold nor breathe impure air with impunity; and of most of our civilized fellow-men, as well as of savages and all the species of our four-handed relatives who have thus far been wintered in northern menageries, it may be said that the sensitiveness of their lungs contrasts strangely with the tough vigor of their digestive organs. In proportion to his size, a rhesus baboon eats more than a wolf; between morning and night a monkey will devour his own weight in bananas, and, where the cravings of a naturally vigorous stomach are increased by the stimulus of a cold climate, it seems almost impossible to surfeit a savage with palatable food; his appetite is the faithful exponent of his peptic capacity, and before the fauces positively refuse to ingest there is little danger that the gastric apparatus will fail to digest. Manifold and enormous must have been our sins against the dietary code of nature before we could succeed in making indigestion a chronic disease. But," he continues, "their descendants finally solved that problem. To the alcoholic stimulants of the ancients we have added tea, coffee, tobacco, absinthe, chloral, opium and pungent spices. Every year increases the number of our elaborately unwholesome-made dishes, and decreases our devotion to the field-sports that helped our forefathers to digest their boar-steaks. We have no time to masticate our food; we bolt it, and grumble if we cannot bolt it smoking hot. The competition of our domestic and public kitchen tempts us to eat three full meals a day, and two of them at a time when the exigencies of our business routine leave us no leisure for digestion. At night, when the opportunity for that leisure arrives, we counteract the efforts of the digestive apparatus by hot stove-fires and stifling bedrooms. Since the beginning of the commercial-epicurean age of the nineteenth century the votaries of fashion have persistently vied in compelling their stomachs to dispose of the largest possible amount of the most indigestible food under the least favorable circumstances."

REFERRING to recent incidents, leads the *Medical Record* to define what a panic is, and to repeat what most persons know in their calm moments to be the remedy. A panic is an acute disease of the brain; it belongs to medicine and to morbid psychology. A genuine panic is an insanity of the mass. The activity of the higher centres is suspended, reason is gone, the whole force of volition is turned in one channel, the whole energy of the emotions is translated into fear of danger and desire for safety. The panic-struck are anesthetic, insensible to injury, ignorant of any sight or sound or taste or smell,

except such as relate to their effort for safety. Man when in panic touches as near as ever he can to the mental condition of a beast. A runaway horse, a frightened flock of sheep, a panic-struck crowd are on the same mental level. There is no emotion so contagious as that of fear, and no desire so strong, so intimately wrought into our nature, as that of self-preservation. Hence the rapidity with which the psychological contagion of the panic spreads itself. The strongest and bravest man becomes tremulous when in a crowd struck with fear. Panics have their predisposing causes. The mind, when wrought upon by harrowing recitals of previous disasters, or when made unstable from nervous weakness, or insecure by lack of confidence, is most readily affected. For this reason it seems probable that there is at present a widespread predisposition to panics. The class of men who are least affected by and least liable to panics is, the *Medical Record* claims, the doctors. We speak from knowledge, the writer adds. We have seen, in a demonstration before a large medical audience, an explosion occur with a flash of flame, burning ether running down and over the table. There was not a cry nor a stir in the whole audience, the fire was put out by throwing cloths over it, and the demonstration went on. We have often witnessed similar accidents on a smaller scale, but never have we heard of a party of physicians panic-struck. The reason is easy to see—every medical man is continually called to meet emergencies and to allay panics on a smaller or larger scale.

.

THE same writer has a serious word on the subject of fresh air at night: "People who have got rid of the night-air superstition can almost defy dyspepsia by sleeping in a *cross-draught*, or, in cold weather, at least near a half-open window. Cold, fresh air is an invaluable aid to the assimilation of non-nitrogenous articles of food (fat meat, butter, etc.). Stifling bedrooms almost neutralize the effects of out-door exercise. Winter is, therefore, on the whole, the most auspicious time for beginning a dyspepsia cure. In summer a highland sanitarium is the best place to start with, or, for coast-dwellers, a surfy sea-shore. Early rising, a cold bath before breakfast, frequent ablutions, deep draughts of cold water, flavored with seltzer and sugar or a few drops of raspberry syrup, an air-bath before going to bed, and wide-open bedroom windows, will score an important point in favor of Nature—the return of a normal appetite, and with it of renewed strength and mental elasticity. If the after-dinner affliction should show no direct signs of abatement, the patient must bide his time, and under no circumstances resort to the drug-exorcism. Temporary blue-devils are far preferable to a persistent blue-pill Beelzebub. But aid Nature by all legitimate means. Masticate thoroughly every mouthful of solid food. Eschew spices. Avoid pickles, cheese, salt meat, sour krout, and hot drinks. Take a light breakfast, a lighter lunch, postpone the principal meal till the day's work is done, and make the after-dinner hour as pleasant as possible. Court fresh air at all times of the day and the night, and, in the course of two or three weeks, the capacity for active exercise will return. That point gained, the problem of recovery is reduced to a question of perseverance. The distress of the first attempts suggests almost the expediency of an unconditional surrender, but, after a dozen morning promenades in the park, and as many dumb-bell *soirées*, the three chief remedies begin to work hand in hand—exercise, refrigeration and temperance. Exercise spices non-stimulating food, fresh air promotes digestion, and restored digestion gives strength for more exercise.

.

WHEN we consider the enormous amount of mechanical power that goes to waste in Nature, it is impossible not to wonder that human ingenuity has not found more ways of utilizing it. A writer signing himself "W. O. A.," thus

emphasizes this idea in the *Scientific American*: "We will assume an area 40 by 150 feet, no larger than the flat top of many a manufacturing establishment, store, etc. Within this extent it is entirely practicable to place thirty-two wind wheels, each 12 feet high by 8 feet in diameter, and so arrange them that each shall have full sweep of the wind from whatever quarter it may blow. The wheels here contemplated would revolve on vertical axles—or horizontal, if preferred—with fixed blades, one-half shielded and turning so as to suit the direction of current. They would need no attendance, no brake, no check, let them spin with the utmost fury of a gale, or lie still in a calm. Rapid motion could do no harm, only increasing their efficiency; whenever they turned they would do work, when they lay still they would do nothing. Each wheel would drive an air-pump of size suited to its power, and each stroke of the piston would send its given quantity of air into the common reservoir provided. That reservoir becomes then a magazine of compressed air, whose energy is reported by the gauge, and is used by any of the means now so well known. A wind wheel of the size stated carries on each of its blades a surface of forty-eight feet. The pressure of wind in what is known as a "strong breeze" is about two pounds per square foot, and its rate of motion about 1750 feet per minute. It is easy to see, therefore, that theoretically the efficiency of such a wheel in such a wind is safely reckoned at five horse power. Multiplying this by the number of wheels gives some idea of the ease with which a very considerable amount of power could be stored at a minimum of expense. Again, there is the vast force of wave-power going to waste everywhere along the sea-coast. He who shall invent a practicable method of storing and transmitting these forces will render a service to the world and secure a fortune for himself.

.

In the neighborhood of Shelby, Polk County, Nebraska, are many wells which exhibit peculiar phenomena of intermittence. The wells of the district vary from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet in depth, and ebb and flow irregularly. The flow is accompanied by a roaring sound, like that of the sea, as though a distant wave were coming in, and at the same time a current of air issues out of the mouth of the well. The ebb is accompanied by a draft of air downwards into the well. The period of ebb and flow does not appear to depend upon heat or cold, upon the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere, upon the season of the year, or upon the time of day; but, on the other hand, seems to be in some way connected with the direction of the winds. When the wind blows from the south, southeast or southwest, the phenomena of flow occur, while the ebb is synchronous with a north, northeast or northwest wind. The roaring sound before mentioned is observed to occur some time before the wind begins to blow. It is stated that the wells only pass through "soil," and reach water at its bottom, which rests on a bed of gravel. The farmers of the region in question think that this water-bearing level is identical with that of the water of the Platte River, which bounds on the north those counties in which the wells are situated.

.

A MEMBER of the Paris "École Pratique d'Acclimation" has discovered a species of spider on the African coast, the firm and long web of which resembles yellow silk very closely, and is said to be almost as good as the product of real silk-worms. The syndicate of the Lyons merchants has closely investigated the matter, and the result is reported as highly favorable. There seems to be no difficulty in the way of acclimatizing the new silk producer in France. It will be remembered, however, that similar experiments made in this country with the web of a large spider, common in the Southern states, did not result satisfactorily.



A MIXED IDENTITY.

Time, 12 P. M.—George (who has been burning the midnight oil, hears a step passing his door and ascending the stairs. He calls)—“Mother? MOTHER!”

Cook (embarrassed, but equal to the occasion)—“It’s not me, me son!”

That Reminds Me.

THAT reminds me of a story:—

In the fall of '82
You remember that the Hoosiers
Were disposed to take the view
(Or at least a portion of them)
That they ought to have the right
To prohibit such excesses
As excessive “getting tight.”
So they organized a canvass
To substantiate their claim,
And the anti-prohibitionists
Of course must do the same;
Consequently for the battle
There was summoning of clans,
There was blowing of wind instruments
With splitting of tympani;
There was posting up of posters,
There was gathering from afar,
By the small boy, of old barrels
Made combustible with tar;
And the relative advantages
Of faucet and of pump
Were discussed with frenzied eloquence
Upon the storied stump.
Now an honorable Senator
Was stumping of the state
For the “Anti-prohibition”
And the “Pro-take-something” slate.
His were blows that lit like Vulcan’s,
And among the various links
That he forged to make his argument
For freedom and free drinks
Was a question. He had argued
Against sumptuary laws
With a frequent punctuation
Due to sumptuous applause;

But more telling than his rhetoric,
Unresisting as his foot
When the platform came against it,
Was this question that he put:
“Now, my friends and fellow-citizens,
Your optics please to turn
On the wide ungarnered harvests
That around us glow and burn
In the golden hue of autumn,
And permit me to inquire,
As I try to curb my choler,
To keep down my rising ire,
If these prohibition zealots
Were to carry out their wills,
By shutting up the sample-rooms
And shutting down the stills—
Tell me, here among the corn-fields,
Tinted with the blush of morn—
Tell me what, my brother Grangers,
We should do with all our corn?”
He had made that simple question
Very numerous indeed,
But in calling out an answer
He could never quite succeed;
Till one day, he having asked it
In its customary place,
He was startled by a Hoosier’s
Asking him, with solemn face,
If he really wished an answer.
He replied, of course he did;
He had asked for information.
Then that Hoosier moved the lid
Of his dexter visual organ
And ejaculated, “Well,
I hope that we would try to raise
More bacon and less hell!”

H. W. C.